

THE SECOND EASTER

NO signal was given, unless the dawn was one, but hardly had a flush come upon the hills to the east when the garden seemed to be full of people. They came in from all sides, through gap as well as gate,—which might show that they had been waiting for morning. It was a steady stream that came along the city road.

There were two strange things to note about this crowd of several hundred people. One was that few old men and women were among them. Dim as the light still was the energy and enthusiasm of youth appeared in the eager stride of nearly every figure. The other strange thing was that not a voice broke the silence. It had somehow been agreed upon that none would speak until the great event upon which all were intent had occurred.

The whole crowd remained tense and silent in its joy. Here a girl knelt with hands clasped upon her breast; there a young man stood erect, with folded arms and head tilted towards the fading stars.

The late-comers took their places at the edge of the crowd, and, having come in, stood or knelt waiting for what was about to begin. But a road was made with spontaneous reverence when a familiar figure entered through the main gate. All knew the figure shrouded in its dark blue robe, and gave way to let her pass. With her came a young man upon whose arm she leaned, and a woman upon whose bright hair even that faint light gleamed.

They were led to an open space at the edge of the low cliff. It had been kept clear for them. As they passed a soft sigh went through the crowd; but still no man spoke.

Here the increasing light showed a cavern hewn into the side of the rock. There was no light within. The empty blackness of the tomb lay before them, a darkness that yet fell like sunshine upon the heart. And several paces from the door sprawled the enormous slab that had once sealed it. Where it had fallen when hurled away, there it still remained.

Two youths brought a pair of seven-branched passover candlesticks of brass and placed them upon the stone, and as

they set tapers to the wicks an expectant thrill went through the crowd. The time had come.

From the dark corner, where he had been praying, a man lifted himself up. The candle-light flickered upon him, showing, over the heads of the kneeling people, one broad of shoulders, slightly grizzled of hair and beard, his face deeply lined. His coarse garb was hung, nevertheless, with marks of his office, and he walked with a consciousness of authority. One young man came behind him carrying a broad wicker platter of paschal bread; another with a bowl of wine. These they set down upon the stone between the candlesticks. Their eyes as they did so were passionate and tender.

The people now found their voice and the whole garden rang with exultation. "Come let us praise the Lord with joy; let us joyfully sing to God our Saviour."

There was no need for the man who stood at that rough altar to tell those kneeling there why they had come. They all were familiar with the story, and had met to commemorate it. They knew that the man before them was he who, a year ago, had peered into the tomb, and, in the light of just such a dawn, had found the grave-clothes lying where the body should have been. They knew that among them was that ardent soul by whom he had been outrun at the break of day, and the woman who, under a light as vague as that in which they too had come there, had mistaken her Master for the gardener. Not all had seen the Victor of that empty tomb, but all had looked upon the discarded myrrh his mother still treasured in her house. And they now heard the broken sobs of him who once had doubted.

The simple ceremonial drew towards its close. The bread and wine, that had become so much more than bread and wine, were blessed. Calvary spread its arms above the bowed heads. And that death—which nearly all there had witnessed, some of them joining in the jeers insulting it—got all its value from the subsequent triumph over death. The cross was empty,—yes, but the tomb empty too. With eyes blurred with tears they looked into the mouth of darkness before them.

Broken was the bread, outpoured for them the wine—and eleven men there present remembered, down to the minute pattern of the napery upon the table of the upper room, every detail of that astonishing farewell supper. A cock crew in

the distance, and its cry was taken up throughout the waking countryside. One man, he who was breaking the bread for the multitude, recalled, without irony, another cock-crow in the dawn. All he could think of as he murmured the sacred words was the look of compassion upon the face of his friend. That, and the grave-clothes lying on the rock-hewn floor.

As each of that company knelt in turn before the broad basket of bread, taking from it that which united him to heaven and to that brotherhood which was the symbol of heaven upon earth; as from hand to hand the bowl of wine was passed, the chief among them recalled a grey morning upon the shore of Galilee. The newly-caught fishes were browning above a fire of thorns; and, later, a voice was saying "Feed my sheep. Lovest thou me? Feed my lambs." His heart all but broke with love for these men and maidens as he spread for them the table.

Lambs they were, and the wolves howled around the frail wattles of their fold. He had already been scourged, and he was well aware that worse than scourging awaited him. Again he remembered: "Is the servant more than the master?" His body, too, must be broken. Not for himself he grieved, but for these innocent ones beloved of God. An implacable foe in the city below the quiet garden even now was making ready to hurl all the energy of his fanaticism and his genius against this little flock. Wolves had long teeth, and the lambs would be devoured. With infinite tenderness he held out to them the bread and the wine. Feed my lambs.

The light was now wide, though still soft and grey. It washed gently over the hundreds of heads bowed or uplifted in prayer. And he who was set in authority looked at them, himself praying. He knew himself to be nothing, and yet to him had been given the care of these little ones; to him, the simple, unlettered fisherman, was committed the secret that had redeemed the world.

Into the cavern the two young men who were his assistants carried the lighted candlesticks. One was placed at each side of the chamber cut into the rock, and each cast the shadow of the other, seven-branched, faintly against the wall. The daylight had hardly yet got beyond the threshold.

Eager but unhurried the hundreds one by one filed in. Here had come the angels in their shining vestments. Here had lain in the darkness, with the heavy stone sealing it in, the

dead body until the breaking of the third day. But this had been a dead body that death the all-powerful could not hold. And the live limbs bowing to the ground, they too were now assured of the ultimate victory over the tomb. "He is risen," they said to one another, sometimes speaking the words, sometimes telling them with their streaming eyes, "He is risen. He is risen indeed."

It was on that slab that he had been stretched, muffled from head to foot in the cerements. Upon the cold stone were now pressed the warm lips of love. Here he had lain, the conqueror of death. Leaning against the further wall, supporting herself with arms outstretched, his mother with rapture upon her face whispered to herself: "Thou wilt not suffer thy holy one to see corruption." By her stood, as each impassioned heart bared itself there, the famous courtesan, transformed into the veritable flame of love, and the man already known as the dedicated preacher of love, the Son of Thunder. It was in his quiet, humble house that the woman to whom he was now the son prayed at dawn and night for the coming of his kingdom.

The candles burned down to their sockets long before the last of the worshippers had entered in. One of the young men who had assisted the chief among them refilled the candelabra, and lighted the candles from those not yet expired. His eyes shone brighter than the points of fire. Perhaps he already previsioned his end, only a few months away, when he would fall under the sharp flints, but beholding heaven opened. How else could the beholder account for his kindled face?

Among the last to enter was that rich man whose tomb this was to have been, who, years before, had hewn it out that it might be his own last abode. He had been kneeling at the edge of the crowd, with his young daughter by his side, and his slave, cut in sleek ebony, at his elbow. Those who knew him had tried to make room for him to pass to the open space near the cavern's entrance kept by the courtesy of the crowd for those specially privileged. But he had preferred to remain on the outskirts. This was no longer his tomb. It was to be for ever the most sacred spot in all the world.

As he came out of the cavern, his lips still feeling the impress of the rock he had kissed, he found another man of his own rank, one of the Sanhedrin. With him were his son and a Roman officer.

"I once went to him secretly at night. Later I tried to save him. It could not be," said the one.

His companion, looking at him with the candid countenance of the soldier, answered, "And I slew him. But he has overcome me. The sun was darkened at noon. The stone has been rolled away."

The young man and the maiden glanced swiftly at one another. Their eyes were bright with love, for they had just banqueted upon the bread and wine and had wept exultant over the empty grave. It was because of this that their hearts went out to one another. In this human love they could keep secure the love that was divine, in this divine love keep secure the love that was human. In the dawn of Easter, now at the full, they spoke no word for none needed to be spoken.

In the city below, that lifted aloft the temple and the many palaces so soon to be destroyed, the sun gilded almost equally the gold dome and the granite tower. Brooding over this city he had wept. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! The house had been left desolate. Ignorant of its doom the last of that Easter company descended, the two noblemen and the centurion walking ahead lost in slow, level talk, a solemn joy upon them. Their slaves followed. Twenty paces behind, the young man and the girl came hand in hand.

Saul, deep in consultation with Annas and Caiaphas, was even then drawing up his list of the proscribed. He had been working upon it all that night, and with the coming of the dawn he suddenly grew aware that his eyes, long ago weakened from too much study, had for the moment failed him. Parting from the priests he stumbled to his bed. This was he who, after helping to scatter the Christians at Jerusalem, was presently to pursue them even to Damascus. This was he who later was to write "If Christ be not risen from the dead . . ."

THEODORE MAYNARD.

SEA-SCAPE

II

Because 'e never had the chance to find
The glory of the world by land and sea—
Because the beauty hidin' in 'is mind
Was not writ plain for blokes like you and me. . .

“**T**HE boys,” said Mr. Larry Marks, trimmer, “request that you will accept of this belt, seeing that you admired me own and said that your leather one cut you.”

“Larry! I hope you realized I wasn’t asking for any such thing! I hadn’t any idea that you remembered that! But it’s quite true. And this one looks as if it would yield finely.”

It was elaborately woven of gold wire and green silk and had a large clasp representing a ship. I accepted it with real gratitude.

“If you happen to have any medals,” Larry pursued, “you will need to fasten them upon the belt; if you ain’t got no war ones, a religious one’ll do, badges like for to commemorate your history. These three on me own belt is sport and these other three I picked up, p’raps I won’t tell you how; and inside, next to me body, there is stitched my mother and my brother what died and my young lady, similar to passport photos in size, see?”

I said I had two medals round my neck, and he said he’d noticed that when I’d been down the stoke-hole, and that Burrett had passed remarks about them.

“Coarse, he is: a very coarse man. Don’t know how to take his food proper, but shovel it down real coarse, and always swearing. And wherever there is a camera there is he, for sure. See him shoving his ugly mug in between us when that gentleman was taking me and Paddy and you? We had a couple o’ words on the subject afterwards. . . ‘What do you want, shoving your ugly mug in?’ I said. He said you called out—‘Come on Burrett.’ And I says, ‘Of course you did, but out of mere politeness, not as you wanted him; but once he were there, to be true to yourself you had to encourage him to stay though unasked.’ Then he says, ‘What do I,’ meaning me, ‘want to come and see you for? To get what I can out of you, for sure.’ I says, ‘Say that again and I will tell your

fortune for you,' and I was near biffing him one, but I restrained myself. I do not fight often, not a true fight as you might say. And I did not wish to be unable to come to see you, being perhaps streaked with blood and one eye shut."

"I was quite glad to see Burrett, though I really wanted the photo to be just you and Paddy, because I know you two better. But don't go bashing people's brains out on my account!"

"I see a man's brains oncet. Did you ever see that? Blew his brains out, he did. Do you know the Purple Bull in the Old Kent Road? No? N'mind. Me and me brother that I always take about with me when at home, being pals, we heard the report and ran up and there he was and you could see his brains. But I don't take no interest in them things. But in Sydney I was near being beaten up myself because the girls there is not like the wink-and-whistle girls in London, but me having danced six times in the Catholic seamen's Institute with a girl that was struck on me, because I was a lady-killer then, but I dropped it as I told you,—well, she kept coming up for a dance and five boys that thought I was,—well, you know, they came shouldering up to me outside and if it hadn't been that three other ships was in same as ours and some men off of them come to help me, I would have been beaten up and there was near a mob-fight anyways but five against eleven, not the boldest would have dared it. But say, we do not fight like we used, though when Burrett gets on to another ship I would not say what will happen, they won't stand for him and his coarse ways like us on this ship as are longsuffering and meek, though don't think we cannot see right done. Look at the writer what gave the passengers to understand he were *it* and said 'let them not talk to the likes of us,' us being bad men. The stewards heard him and they told us. Well, we had a trial just and upright, wigs on and everything, and Loud Laughter in Court and it were ruled he must be tarred and feathered and there was a tin of treacle handy that time, and likewise we tore up a pillow what had feathers in it and you should have seen him. But afterwards we give him a bath gentle and forgiving and so we had him tamed."

"I think I am very lucky to be friends with firemen and trimmers, and you know I haven't any temptation to think you are bad men. But you have to allow me to be friends with all sorts of people and not to take sides. A duke is not

better than a docker, but he is different, and a docker is different from a duke, but neither better nor worse save according as he has a better conscience or a worse one. I want to love all these men, because it is my special duty to serve God and imitate Jesus Christ, who loves all of us."

"Say!" cried he with excitement, "did you ever see that woman what bled in hands and feet and all round of her head same as the crucifixion? I hold that goes to prove the gospels is true."

"How on earth did you hear about that sort of thing?"

"I saw it meself; she were in a glass case in the Anatomical Museum, Liverpool."

"She couldn't have been real!"

"She looked like real, and anyway they only put queer things there that was real once upon a time. Say, she made us feel queer. Me and the boys we was quiet for a hour after seeing that. We thought that, well, here is one as loved Christ so's she bled for Him like as He did on the crosst. Say, that kept us quiet. But I do confess that after a bit it did not last. But while it lasted in our minds, we was quiet. There's another picture on the Penslidale Castle of a man with a 'orrible gash in his thigh and his lips twisted up and his teeth showing and an expression of agony. I reckon he died for religion or in the war or something. That were a quietener, too."

"I don't know about the picture; but there have been holy women and girls, mostly nuns, who realized so vividly the love that Christ has for us all, that they were allowed to share in His sufferings in that strange way. And men have, too; like St. Francis."

"Men? I would not think that men had that much love in their hearts. Such a man must be in a different kind of existence from me. Will you tell me this—do Roman Catholic men love Christ like what you say? There's Cotes that's Roman Catholic, but I cannot see he is different from us, I cannot see he loves Him special; p'raps it is hidden."

Just then there was a knock at the cabin door. I said, "Come in," and Gunner Boyd and Gunner North came in, but stopped short at the sight of the trimmer. Larry on his side, accustomed to *not*-meeting passengers (not even, on this ship, the "third-class" ones), stood up and said he'd go. I told him to stay where he was: then I introduced them and they remained rather defiant, but saved their faces by finding

out how to sit down in this very narrow place. I stared, rather puzzled, at the two gunners. They smiled sheepishly.

"I know what you're thinking of," said Gunner Boyd. "Bombardier Jenkins started in to grow a moustache, so me and me two mates have been doing likewise in a moustache-growing competition, for Jenkins, he's too big for his boots already, but with a moustache he will be a pestilence and a plague."

"We couldn't allow ourselves no moustache," said the trimmer, "not on a job like ours. Be sucking it automatic half the time and filling our lungs with coal-dust worse than what they are. Not but what there is one or two as will do it, for courting purposes when ashore, their girls liking to have their cheeks tickled. Childish, I call it."

"Here," I said. "Don't you go suggesting that these two young men do childish things! They and their other friend go by the name of 'The Terrible Three' on board this vessel."

Larry Marks stared at them with eyes from the rims of which he never could quite extricate the grime—this made them look, well, almost theatrical, and enormous and pathetic in the middle of his rather haggard face. Larry could not believe that these young soldiers were so very terrible, nor indeed were they, and the red-headed Lancashire lad and his no less stalwart Cornish friend grinned with seraphic innocence when their flattering nickname was mentioned. I asked them what misdemeanours they'd been up to this evening. They said that they'd been down to the horseboxes to see the horses, with leave of the C.O., and, having got that far, they thought they would go a bit further, right into the sharp end of the ship—Larry stared horror-struck at this description—and even had snooged their way upstairs to look over the edge.

"He means they went right forrard," said Larry to me, taking me into his confidence thus, and allowing that soldiers could not be expected to be up to all the technicalities. But I disregarded him and asked them what they did in the blunt end, and Larry sighed and folded his hands and gave us up.

"Well," said North, "we didn't go back there for to-night, being fascinated by that water throwing itself out like great blue fountains to this side and to that, the ship shoving it apart, rising up and then dipping and so thrusting it, with a lovely noise like trees or a tank nosing into the brushwood. But most times we take a turn round Phosphorous Alley and

watch the phosprous, you know,—the little tiny passage as goes round the other end, where you can watch the sea churned up and sweeping away similar to both sides and often gleaming with light. But you can't go too often round that little passage, it being occupied with the ones that have girls and they glare if intruded on."

"Haven't you three got girls?"

"Well, we all have in a manner of speaking but not to the point of seeking that Phosprous Alley, because when there we want to look at that lovely coloured light and girls require you to be attending to nothing 'cept to them, very exacting they are."

"I haven't got a girl," said Boyd. "Me? I'd be frightened out of me senses, and not open so much as my mouth to speak, let alone stare with me eyes at them! Yet p'raps I wish I'd got a young lady at home, as I could think on and refer to when pursued."

"That's my girl," said North, producing a prayer book stuffed with little pictures. It was a funeral card of his mother. "And that's her," said he, giving me another, "when seventeen."

The girl was perfectly well recognizable in the woman of 62, who had become the mother of seven children and worked as a nurse in Cornwall. There was the same expression of purity, of strength, and indeed of quick wit, that I honestly believe is nowhere to be seen save in a Catholic peasantry, Irish, Tyrolese, maybe Breton; in fact, almost where you will, allowing for national *additions*—but the underlying spirituality is the same and undeviating. A reserved humility; an aristocracy of Grace. I asked if I might show the photographs to Larry. The gunner nodded. Larry stared long at the two pictures, and a silence fell in our small, stifling cabin. A holiness enveloped us. After a long while Larry handed them back.

"A man should be happy," said he, "that has such memories. She has the eyes of an angel." And he put out his hand for North to shake; which he did, a glint of tears in his own eyes.

"What we come to ask," said Boyd, "was—when's confessions? Me and him'll be wanting to go to Communion tomorrow, being Sunday, and the last for Mass on this boat, as you're getting off at the next stop."

These men had a parade on week-days just at my Mass-

time, and I had not cared to ask their commanding officer for too many exemptions. So they came with the other Catholic gunners on Sundays only and feasts. I said that if they were ready I'd hear their confessions at once, and I sent North and Larry Marks into the alley-way, to wait while Boyd made his, and also, to consolidate the handshake. I never heard what they said; but such men—each was 25—didn't require to say very much in order to reveal their minds to one another. Then North came in; and then the gunners went off and Larry remained.

"D'you mean to tell me," said he, "all those soldiers tell you their sins?"

"The Catholic ones do."

"Them two," said the man of true instinct, "wouldn't have nothing to say. Him that I talked with first in the alley-way, he couldn't, not with memories like them. And the red-haired one, he's got the milk still in his nostrils."

"Where did you pick up that expression, Larry? I thought only the French used it. Anyway, Boyd's only just 19."

He said he didn't remember where he'd heard it, but added that the others might have a bit more to say; but what if they had some sins they didn't like to mention, as well a man might have?

"Well, medicine is usually rather bitter. Confession is their medicine and they take it very well. Get the bad stuff out of you. Prick the abscess."

He giggled again and said he'd never heard religion talked like that. I said: "Well, why not, if it expressed your meaning?" He continued to grin broadly and make remarks about pills, quinine and other repulsive remedies till I felt bound to say that the penitent went away extremely happy after confession, whatever he might have felt like before, especially, I added, if he had had a proper packet to get rid of. "And, come to think of it," I added, "you haven't been technically to confession to me, because you aren't a Catholic. But I really can't think what you've left un-said; and I've listened to your judgments on yourself, and on your intentions for the future. God has absolved you, Larry, and He is very pleased with His son."

"Aye," he said, "I don't really want to commit no more sins, not physically nor yet intentionally, though on some points you seem to go easy and others that I never regarded as offences you take serious, and I shall have a job. I liked

what you said about the Lord being my Father and better than that: I was taught the Our Father—yours is different, ain't it?—but that's another thing I never took serious—'Father!' well, me dad wasn't much of a one nor yet was my teachers; beat my religion into me they did, same as the rest of my education, and once I were finished with school, well, no more Our Father for me, as you may guess."

"Well, it is the fact that God knows all about you, Larry, and yet, that He loves you very much. When I said 'and yet,' I didn't mean that if someone knew all about you, he'd stop liking you, because the more you and I know one another, the better we seem to get on together. But I meant that, though God may see you sometimes do wrong, and you were certainly taught all *that* part about Him . . . yet He does not stop loving you. At the background of all your life is a great love for you, and always has been." (He sat staring with his black-rimmed eyes wide open.) "And possibly you remember some of the stories about Our Lord or some of the ones He told. . . The Good Shepherd? the Good Samaritan? the Prodigal Son? and about Mary Magdalen, and St. Peter?"

"Them things are distant," said he, "yet they are in my mind like a garden of flowers. I mean you might be in a garden of flowers after dark, and, though you might not see much, you would smell it, and give you my word sometimes when in my bunk I make myself remember them sweet smells such as I sometimes have smelt when in gardens and oncet I went to Kew. Say, next time I come round, would you tell me one or two of them yarns over again? Making them real, like; for now I have come to think of them as p'raps untrue and they do not seem real in the stoke-hole. Say, Christ lived in Egypt, didn't He? in among the Mohammidans and other blacks? He couldn't wear them baggy clothes down the stoke-hole."

"All the same, I wouldn't put it beyond Him to come down into yours: I think He's been there often enough, from the way you talk. Who but He would put such sweet-smelling thoughts into your mind? Certainly He worked as a smith and a carpenter and went about with fishermen. If He were living now—well, He *is*—who's to keep Him out of the stoke-hole? Your best friend in it!"

"There's another beautiful thing," he meditated, "in among the Roman Catholics. The Virgin Mary as they call

her. Say, you saw the heart on me arm with the dagger through it and Mother written underneath? Well, I had that put on, meaning it for me own mother, but down the stoke-hole one of the boys said to me I done wrong having it put next to that fairy, being too undressed though not real indecent, and I says, 'Why I lost me heart to that fairy and anyway she represents Liberty, as you can see, and what better thing in the world is there than liberty and may we see some of it some day. But why shouldn't I have that heart next to her anyways?' 'Why, you thick 'ead,' he says, 'that's the Virgin Mary's heart, that is'; and I says it ain't no such thing, and he says, 'certain sure it is, any of the boys'll tell you so'; and I says, 'What's that great dagger doing in it then? I never heard of her getting killed?' And he says, 'No, it represents that her heart was injured by our sins, what certain sure is not things for her to look upon, and they do make her bleed inside of her heart like. And the Roman Catholics they do not call her God, as some says, but they say Mother of Mercy and regard her as Mother of Mankind, Jesus Christ being her son and mortal man, and the Roman Catholics is all over the world and also the oldest and for sure they ought to know certain things and this is one.' Well, I went like dazed and silly all that evening and same when time to go down, and I thought I would not like her to listen to this talk for sure; that night the talk was black as sin and I remember it."

"What is perfectly pure, Larry, can't be stained by anything, and I promise you she was there, and her pure white dress wouldn't get blackened by any of your coal-dust, and she'd take you by the hand and even put her fingers on your forehead and some of the loveliness of her soul would come into yours and nothing that was wrong would get into hers."

"The boys would appreciate such a lovely lady coming down the hole," he said. "They hate and scorn them young women that comes down to stare at us like wild and savage beasts; but they appreciate gentle talk, they all of them has a gentleness within them, why even that coarse man I told you on—say! he has a picture of a heart called Scared Heart of Jesus in his wallet along with other things he shouldn't have. Can you explain that? it seemed to me queer. How could one as died so brave for us be scared?"

"You didn't look at it quite carefully. It was 'sacred,' not 'scared.' No, He was never scared—well . . . Larry, He

feared His death and sufferings as much as any of us could, and more. But He was so courageous He went forward to face them without flinching, despite the fear in His heart. It is more brave to do the right thing, when it is difficult and even frightening, than to be so dull and stupid or reckless that you feel no fear."

He yawned widely. "Scuse me," he said.

"Go off to your bunk," I said to him. "It's quite bad enough losing your tea for my sake, but I insist on your getting your proper sleep."

He grinned and went.

The sun set; darkness made sky meet with sea and there was no horizon. Only a ship heaving its way through tumbling waters, one little light high on its mast; the green light reflecting itself back to where I stood and over there the red one. Just then, not another soul anywhere about. Seemingly a lonely ship, heaving forward of its own volition, uncontrolled, going from darkness into an uncharted dark. It was strange to think of the minds awake within her; experienced minds of officers on watch; scientific minds of the wireless operators; minds suffering or silly or maybe sinful among all us passengers; and deep—so deep in the ship that you might have feared that no excavation could reach them—other minds through whose heavy tangled thoughts the divine Spirit went stealing and whispering things that they did not even know they heard, but He was satisfied. Under all the noises, the creaking and the thudding and the rush of the water like trees in the wind and the brushwood, inside the silence so much more dominant than any of the noises, the sweet song of God's Spirit, the song of Mary, the Church's endless hymn, the Kyrie, followed forthwith by Magnificat, by Gloria, by Te Deum; and by the acknowledgement of the Universe prostrate around God's throne, that He was thrice-holy, and that from that Holiness and Grace and Glory we all, we too, have received and are receiving.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

WITH THE KITE BALLOONS IN FLANDERS

IT was a bright, sunny morning in March, 1918, and the scene was the war-scarred city of Ypres. At that time, which, I may say parenthetically, was several years before I became a monk, I was serving in the Balloon Section of the Royal Air Force, and the balloon with which I was serving was situated just behind Ypres, so that it kept watch and ward over the famous Salient. All along our front there was a string of these "sausage-balloons" stationed at intervals of about half a mile, and on this particular morning one of these balloons which was in the neighbourhood of Kemmel ascended at about 6 a.m. and soon reported that the visibility was good, which glad tidings were rapidly telephoned along the line to the other balloons, and clearly showed that we were in for a full day's work.

It happened to be my turn to go aloft that day and so I hastily scrambled into flying kit, swallowed a cup of tea, and made my way to the balloon which had already been taken from its "bed" and attached to the winch or engine by its cable, and was now straining to ascend. With me was a sergeant who was training to be an observer, and we climbed into the basket. Quickly I tested the telephone lines, our parachutes were fastened to our bodies in readiness for any emergency, and I gave the signal to "let up."

Slowly the gas-bag ascended and the ground dwindled away beneath us. We could feel the wind rushing past us and hear it howling in the rigging, though it was a calm day on the ground, and before very long we had reached a height of about 4,000 feet and I telephoned to stop the engine. With a jerk the balloon came to rest, and I focussed my field-glasses on the country behind the German lines. It was a beautiful morning and the front seemed singularly peaceful. A few shells were falling around Gheluvelt away up the Menin Road, and the Germans were shooting occasionally into the St. Julian-Langemarck area, otherwise there was perfect peace, and from that height both armies seemed to be asleep. The morning silence was broken for us only by the droning of engines as our 'planes passed us, with a wave from the pilot, towards the German lines. Right in front stretched the

Salient from Poelcappelle on the left down to St. Eloi on the right, and between these two were to be seen Wieltje, Becelaere, Hooge, Inverness Copse, Shrewsbury Forest, Hill 60, and a score of other places bearing world-famous names, while only a few miles off to the south there stood up the Messines Ridge and Kemmel Hill. Truly one felt singularly privileged to be so placed. But out of this wide scene our own activities were confined to the V-shaped sector bounded by the Menin Road on the right and the Ypres-Roulers railway on the left, which, starting from a common point (the famous "Hell Fire Corner"), ran south-east and north-east respectively.

I must here explain that the work of the balloon-observers was twofold: that of "spotting" the position of active enemy batteries by means of the flashes of their guns, and that of conducting "shoots" in conjunction with the artillery. In the latter case the observer would 'phone to the battery concerned how far each shot was off the target, giving the number of degrees right or left and stating whether it was over or short. Not infrequently one would have two or even three such "shoots" proceeding simultaneously on widely-separated targets, and on such occasions both observers had more than enough to keep them busy. Moreover, we had to observe and report any form of unusual activity, such as movement of trains, columns of men on the march, and so on. Each day, as the month wore on, our balloon attracted more and more attention from the Germans, presumably because the imminence of their great attack on March 21st, made them anxious to conceal their movements.

And so it happened that whereas our observers had long been accustomed to being left unmolested, save for an occasional German aeroplane prowling in the vicinity, life now became for them a thing of no little excitement. Every day the balloons would be harried in various ways. Either flights of German 'planes would seize a favourable moment and, dashing across the lines, would shoot down in flames three or four of our balloons, or else a long-range gun would persistently shoot at them with shrapnel. And this last had been the fate of our balloon every day for the past week. Now it is not a pleasant sensation to be perched some 4,000 feet in the air in a stationary and defenceless balloon that forms an excellent and unpleasantly large target for the painstaking German, and to be peppered with shrapnel all day; accord-

ingly, we made considerable efforts to have that particular gun silenced. Unfortunately, however, it was too far back for any of our guns to reach it, and it continued its attentions unmolested, though our aeroplanes attempted at least once to bomb it in its lair. We soon christened it "Persistent Percy," and on going up each morning the eyes of the observers were wont to stray with exaggerated unconcern to that distant spot on the south-eastern horizon where "Percy" had his abode, for we had long since succeeded in locating the brute. Thus, when on March 18th, it came to my turn to spend the day aloft I fully expected a certain amount of fun to occur. It did!

By all appearances we were in for a full day's work as the visibility was excellent, and, indeed, before long we had two "shoots" on hand, for which I was observing through the glasses while the sergeant, crouching at the bottom of the basket so as to be sheltered from the wind, which made telephoning difficult, passed down my observations to the two batteries. For some little time we were left in peace. I had my eyes fixed on the distant target, and a puff of smoke just short of it had showed where the last shell had fallen, when suddenly there was a resounding bang! followed by a weird whistling noise as fragments of metal rushed to earth. "Percy" had started at last! I looked up and there was a ball of smoke in the air about 100 yards away and some distance above the balloon. It was not bad for a first shot. To make sure, however, that it really was our old friend and not a new acquaintance, I turned my glasses for a few minutes to the south-east and was soon rewarded by seeing a tiny flash about the size of a pin-head appear for a moment away on the horizon in the neighbourhood of Wervicq. Now we knew by experience the "time of flight" of the shell sent by our assailant, and I ticked off the seconds on my watch. Sure enough, at the precise second, there was another and a louder explosion, and a shell burst, this time below the level of the balloon and still short. There was no doubt that "Percy" had started his day's work.

Now there is only one thing to be done in such circumstances: that is, to shift the position of the balloon in so far as that is possible, either by ascending or descending a few hundred feet, or by pulling it along by means of the motor-winch to which it is attached. If this is done at intervals, it does at least make things slightly more difficult for the gun-

ner, and so now I gave orders for the winch to be run a hundred yards down the road and for the balloon to let up 300 feet. Then we proceeded to get on with our work.

Unfortunately, so also did the Germans, and our task continued to a succession of ear-splitting explosions at regular intervals in our immediate vicinity, so that it was plain that we must either haul right down for the day, or else prepare to be shot down. Since the former course was out of the question in view of the need to utilize the clear weather, we looked to the fastenings of our parachutes and determined to carry on, giving instructions to the men on the ground to move us about from time to time. Incidentally, we thereby gave great satisfaction to the thousands on the ground who were casually watching the fun, for the spectacle of a balloon being "shot up" was, for some strange psychological reason, invariably immensely popular with the troops, and always proved a prime attraction. I remember thinking so myself in my infantry days, but my views on the subject had now undergone a decided change.

Just then, as it happened, the Germans desisted from their efforts for a space, and we were left in peace, so that, after about half an hour, we had completed both the shoots we had in hand, and found ourselves with a moment of leisure. At such moments one always felt impressed by the intense interest of the scene. There we were, in the thick of the momentous world-war, looking out over what was surely the most famous battlefield of all time. There was an indefinable element of romance about the situation. But in war one seldom has time to indulge in romance, and before long we were roused once more to a sense of the present by a shattering explosion in our rear. We sighed patiently and looked at each other. Evidently the German breakfast was over and Fritz was anxious to resume earning his pay. Unfortunately, he had clearly profited by the shooting in which he had indulged earlier in the morning, and had made the necessary corrections, for after only two or three more shots, one of his efforts burst directly overhead though rather too high. None the less the shot had been close enough to make it probable that the upper fabric of the balloon had been damaged, and though from the basket we had only a very restricted view of the gas-bag, after a few minutes it was evident that the bag was beginning to sag ominously, showing that it must be badly punctured on top.

In the circumstances I had no choice but to telephone for us to be hauled down at top speed, for there was a distinct possibility that she might collapse before we reached the ground. At once we felt the preliminary jolt that told us we had begun to descend. Unfortunately, however, it takes something like twenty minutes (if my memory serves me right) to be hauled down some 4,000 feet, and after we had come down some 600 feet, the balloon looked so flabby that I asked those on the ground whether they thought there was a chance of coming down safely. The cheery answer that I got was that it was very doubtful, and that meant there was but one thing to be done.

At this point I may mention that in those days, in the event of having to jump with a parachute, one could by no means be sure of the apparatus opening. Cases were known of observers having leaped out only to crash to earth thousands of feet below; and this paralysing reflection, coupled with the fact that neither my companion nor myself had ever performed a parachute-jump, explains why we had not gone over at the first hint of danger, but preferred to remain in the basket so long as there was a chance of thus coming safely to ground. Parachuting was not encouraged by the authorities as a form of sport, and no training was given for it. We had to begin without any. I broke the news to my companion in misfortune and the announcement was not greeted with enthusiasm. As for myself, I was no more delighted than he by the prospect, and I remember thinking in those tense few moments that this was the first time that I had ever been faced squarely with the imminent prospect of death. I had, of course, been many times under heavy shell-fire in the trenches, but somehow that seemed different. There, one was one of a crowd and had a good chance of being missed. But in the present case one was practically alone and death seemed to be aimed directly at oneself, although in reality the odds were that the parachute would open quite satisfactorily. In any case there was no choice, for it was manifestly much too risky to remain in the basket since it might at any moment crash to earth beneath our feet.

Being the senior of the two it was my duty to jump last and to see my companion out safely first. As it happened, he required a certain amount of persuasion, but, in view of the opinion telephoned from the ground, this was no time for argument, and eventually I told him definitely to get over-

board. Accordingly he took off the field-glasses which were slung round his neck, while I did the same with mine, clambered on to the edge of the basket and, after a moment's hesitation, disappeared over the side. Peering over after him, I was relieved to see his parachute open after a few seconds of sheer dropping and he was evidently quite safe.

Now came my own turn. I admit that the palms of my hands went clammy and cold at the prospect (they still do at the recollection of that moment), but there was no time to be lost. Now I know that some hardy souls have been known in such circumstances to make their exit from the balloon by taking a "header" into space as though diving into water, but I lay claim to no such valour. What actually happened was that I got over the basket (illogically enough taking great care lest I should slip, which, as a matter of fact, would probably have been the best thing to happen), and then let my feet dangle for a while in space. Then I shut my eyes tight, most gingerly let go my hands, and promptly fell through space like a stone. How far I thus fell before the parachute opened, I do not to this day know; probably about 300 feet. Needless to say, that part of the fall was in reality over in a few seconds, though it seemed longer, and then I felt a terrific jerk at my shoulders as my fall was abruptly checked, and I realized with relief that the parachute was at last open, and I was floating gently down to earth, though still nearly 3,000 feet up and swaying from side to side like a giant pendulum.

The subsequent part of the proceedings is really quite pleasant, and one's only anxiety is as to the nature of the landing place, for, of course, no control of direction is possible. In my case this was not unimportant, for the balloon had been about three-quarters of a mile south-west of Ypres and I was being blown directly towards the city. Now, as is well known, Ypres is surrounded by a moat which then, as now, was full of water (and other things), and only a few weeks previously an unfortunate balloonist, having to parachute in this neighbourhood, had landed in the moat, and, being weighted down by his heavy flying kit, had been actually drowned. Even as I remembered this I noticed that I, too, was heading straight for the moat and was now at no great height. Would I succeed in clearing it? It looked as though it were going to be a very near thing. I came lower and lower, falling at a fairly fast rate as there was little wind

blowing, and to my great relief passed over the dreaded moat, though little more than forty feet up at the time.

Even then, however, life was not without its worries, for, on the one hand I was coming down at a considerable pace and was already wondering how hard I was going to hit the earth, and secondly I was plainly about to land in the middle of the ruined city, and ruined walls mean a nasty knock and possibly broken bones. Down I came, skimmed over some telegraph wires by inches and so escaped being hung up, missed the remains of a tall chimney by a similar number of inches and, as I expected, finished up by crashing into a high and remarkably solid wall. At the last moment I put out my right foot to stave off the inevitable collision, which thus took my full weight, so that I felt an agonizing pain in my ankle as I bounded off the wall and fell to the ground on my back.

At any rate, I was at last on terra firma and tried to scramble to my feet only to collapse with a yell, and it was several months before my right foot touched the ground again. However, my downward career had been seen by thousands, and so before long I was surrounded by an excited crowd clamouring to know what had made me "fall out" of my balloon, whether I was hurt, and many other things. Before long, I found myself carried into the near-by abode of a hospitable artillery major who laid me on his bed and was soon watching me pour his whisky down my throat. Apart from a certain shakiness and a fractured ankle I was perfectly sound.

Meanwhile one of the cars from the balloon camp was tearing to the spot, and before it arrived my mind was relieved by the sight of my companion evidently none the worse for his adventure. As we drove back in the car, we passed the collapsed balloon, and I was interested to note that we had done right to jump, for it had collapsed while still some 400 feet from the ground. Decidedly we had had a fortunate escape. I may say that within a few hours the balloon had been patched up and was again in the air with fresh observers, a fact which must have caused the Germans no little chagrin. I have but to add that after some five months in hospital I got back to France shortly before the Armistice, only to be shot down again the very first time I went up: this time by four German aeroplanes, and in flames. But by that time I was a veteran!

DOM BASIL WHELAN, O.S.B.

SCIENCE GETS RELIGION!

CERTAIN eminent modern scientists, like their great predecessors, Newton, Kelvin, and the rest, have, as a result of their life-work, become dissatisfied with a merely materialistic outlook on the universe around us. After a period of comparative silence on the religious aspect of life, science, as represented by these men, is once more becoming insistent in her demand for the recognition of a spiritual element in nature, which is outside the physical operations which form her subject matter. The idea of "God" has definitely taken its place in scientific speculation. When, however, we come to inquire into the nature of God thus conceived, we find a very great divergence of view.

Professor Whitehead in his Gifford Lectures rejects the idea of God as an "unmoved mover," and holds that the notion of such a being "at whose fiat the world came into being, and whose imposed will it obeys, is the fallacy which has infused tragedy into the histories of Christianity and Mahometanism." According to this writer, "God is a primordial creature"! Again, Sir Arthur Eddington says: "The idea of a universal Mind or Logos would be, I think, a fairly plausible inference from the present state of scientific inquiry; at least, it is in harmony with it." R. A. Millikan, one of America's leading scientists, postulates a God "who is the God of law and order," and proclaims "the new duty to know that order, and to get into harmony with it, to learn how to make the world a better place for mankind to live in, not merely how to save your individual soul." Yet, strangely enough, he rejects the need of a creed of any sort. Sir James Jeans thinks that the "universe can be best pictured, though still very imperfectly and inadequately, as consisting of pure thought, the thought of what, for want of a better word, we must describe as a mathematical thinker." He believes in the objectivity of nature and holds that the objectivity of things "arises from their subsisting in the mind of some Eternal Spirit." Hence we must picture an act of creation as an act of thought. He concludes: "Modern scientific theory compels us to think of the creator as working outside time and space, which are part of his creation, just as the artist is outside his canvas."

These opinions, entertained by men in the very first ranks of mathematical and physical science, are sufficient evidence of the existence of the tendency referred to. Many of the things said by these writers may be found verified in the orthodox conception of God, yet one must needs be disappointed and bewildered at the limitation of outlook they indicate. We wonder why minds so acute should employ such roundabout and laborious methods to reach these unsatisfactory results. Surely the acquisition of a truth so important to man as the existence of his Creator ought not to require familiarity with Einstein's "relativity," or the "quanta theory" or "entropy," or the "principle of indeterminacy"! These physical speculations about Nature lead only indirectly to the concept of the Creator, which is reached immediately and much more adequately by processes of pure reasoning. The physicists can tell us very little, and with no great measure of certainty, about God, whereas the ordinary man, examining with his ordinary intelligence the metaphysical evidence provided by causation, motion, contingency, etc., can and does arrive at a clear conception of the nature and attributes of the Deity. The difference in result arises from difference of methods. The scholars whose works we have been considering conceive a confused idea of God as the result of intricate reasoning on data drawn from detailed investigation of very abstruse regions of knowledge, whereas the Christian takes into his scientific studies the knowledge already acquired of a Creator behind the phenomena of nature, and finds in these phenomena merely a confirmation of his previous conclusions. Note that this method, based partly on ratiocination and partly on trustworthy authority, is more truly "scientific" than the former, because it shuts out no source of knowledge. The scientific expert is in danger of losing sight of the wood on account of the trees. Just as the unaided vision is a far better means of learning the appearance of a man or a building than the use of a microscope, so the nature of God is best apprehended by an all-embracing view of everything that tells of Him, not by meticulous research in one particular direction. Moreover, although it is a matter of congratulation that science in its most advanced form can be said to be pointing heavenward, yet there is danger of attaching too much importance to the meagre results of this microscopic investigation of nature, lest ordinary people should think that, meagre as they are, they can be

reached only by the scientific specialist, and thus be discouraged from "finding God," more surely and directly, by means within the reach of all.

One point must have surprised those who have taken the trouble to follow modern scientific thought in its approach to God, viz., its failure to arrive at what is the most obvious and fundamental note of the divine essence. They have been so busy searching for God, as it were through a microscope, that they have overlooked the fact that the very existence of the microscope itself, or for that matter, any other "effect," furnishes grounds for an inevitable inference as to the existence of an eternal, uncreated "First Cause." For the note that is clearly most fundamental in our reasoned concept of God is that He is a Being without beginning, who derives His existence from no other, who is because He must be, who exists of necessity, an *ens a se*. There is no more overwhelming thought than this, and yet it is a fact which reason compels us to accept, from which there is no escape except by contradicting reason. The existence of the smallest thing, material or spiritual, ultimately proves the existence of a First Cause, of a Cause which has no beginning. Such a conclusion is, of course, familiar to the student of metaphysics, and illustrates, not only the capacity of the mind to apprehend absolute truth, but also its incapacity to comprehend it: the more one ponders it, the more mysterious does it become.

The imagination recoils before such a concept, which is so completely at variance with our experience. We are surrounded by contingent things: we never meet anything which does not depend on something else for existence. We grow in knowledge by seeking causes: the mind refuses to be satisfied until it reaches the First Cause, the Cause which is not an effect. The child as well as the old man is always asking—"Why?" But in the case of God, we can expect no other answer than that God exists because He *must* exist, because His nature demands existence, and since there could have been no beginning to a necessary existence and can be no end, we say that He is eternal.

We thus establish the intellectual contact between the made and the Maker, between the contingent and the necessary, between the relative and the absolute, between the creature and the Creator, which is the basis of all religion. Although God is infinitely above us, yet it is clear that, outside God Himself, only a rational creature can know Him. I can at

least form an inadequate idea of necessary being from my knowledge of my own contingent being. I can arrive at the knowledge of the necessity of God's existence from the knowledge of the existence of creatures, and it is reasonable to conclude that I can reach at least a partial knowledge of God's nature from a knowledge of the nature of creatures. Hence it is that physical science must ultimately enable me to know God if only imperfectly—as I know the sun by analysis of its light and other properties. It is well to remember that the discovery of this fact did not have to await the development of modern science. It is indeed a very old discovery.

The sages of old insisted that the most important object of study that man can undertake, amongst the many that present themselves on this earth, is himself, in himself or as reflected in other men. Our modern scientists seem to be grasping this further fact that, from the study of man they may learn something about the God whose existence is so clearly established by other branches of knowledge. If the source of energy must be one which possesses energy of itself, still more certain is it that the source of human life must possess in itself at least all that is proper to human life—intelligence and volition. I would insist on this point as being one of extraordinary importance in the development of scientific thought.

Lord Kelvin was more impressed by the argument from the evidences of design in the universe, as a proof of the existence of a God, than from those concerned with the conservation of energy and the gradual running down of the available supply. The point is that since God must be the ultimate source of every kind of created activity, it is possible to gain knowledge of Him in a great variety of ways. And all should be employed. If we confine our attention to God as a mere source of power, then we learn nothing of His fatherhood or of our duties towards Him as our Creator and as the origin of Law and Order. On the other hand, it is only natural that different temperaments should be attracted by different aspects of God, so that His transcendent greatness should emerge from a combination of various views.

Sir Arthur Eddington, in one of a broadcast series of "Science and Religion" talks, admirably expresses this reasonable procedure. In the midst of a cosmos which seems to have been evolved out of matter at appallingly high temperatures and in the heart of a Nature apparently intent on "a

vast scheme of evolution of fiery globes, an epic of milliards of years," has appeared man, with qualities absolutely different from anything else in the visible universe. "He displays purpose in an inorganic world of chance. He can represent truth, righteousness, sacrifice. In him there flickers for a few brief years a spark of the divine spirit." Out of man's many qualities, what appeals most strongly to a scientist as such, is that he finds in himself and in other men a craving for *Truth*. "The first question asked about facts such as I have been describing is—'Are they true?' I want to emphasize that, even more significant than the astronomical results themselves, is the fact that this question about them so urgently arises. The question—'Is it true?' changes the complexion of the world of experience—not because it is asked *about* the world, but because it is asked *in* the world." This desire for truth must arise from some element in man which no possible combination of material elements could produce. It must be from some spiritual essence that this tendency towards truth is derived. Nearly a hundred years ago, in June, 1833, another great scientist—a greater than Eddington—Sir William Hamilton, the discoverer of Quaternions, in a speech at Cambridge, said :

For these remind us that the pleasures of Science have their companion duties; that the love of truth, if genuine, if not profession merely, no cold bare form of words, must be a deep, enduring, energetic principle, for ever inspiring constancy, for ever urging to exertion: and that the truths themselves, the details of truth which the scientific ardour impels us to follow in a still renewed race, a fresh goal rising always into view as soon as an old one is attained, that these seeming goals, which we thus visibly follow, are themselves but symbols and images of one that is invisible; of a higher, more permanent, more comprehensive Principle of Truth, binding together, in inmost union, the scientific with the moral, and both with the divine.

In somewhat the same way, modern thought seems to be tending to realize the need of union with the Divine. The "something to which truth matters" must be something which has a very real place in the universe. It is certainly something very different from any property in *matter*, as we know it. The same is to be said of the consciousness of beauty, of

morality, and "finally, at the root of all spiritual religion, an experience which we describe as the presence of God." The really vital inquiry is not about atoms and chaos, about a universe of fiery globes rolling on to impending doom, about tensors and algebra. It is rather "about a spirit within which truth has its shrine, with potentialities of self-fulfilment in its response to beauty and right. Shall I not also add that even as light and colour and sound come into our minds from a world beyond, so these stirrings of consciousness come from something which, whether we describe it as beyond, or deep within ourselves, is greater than our own individual personality."

But, encouraging as is the manifestation of this desire for truth, the scientist has still to determine its criterion. If we are to be successful truth-seekers, we must have some means of knowing when we have found it! In a final passage of Sir Arthur's address we find an answer to this difficulty—which contains a truth probably not realized by him :

Reasoning is our great ally in the quest for truth. But reasoning can only start from premises; and at the beginning of the argument we must always come back to innate convictions. There are such convictions even at the base of physical science. We are helpless unless we admit also (as perhaps the strongest conviction of all) that we have within us some power of self-criticism to test the validity of our own convictions. And this power must surely be a ray proceeding from the light of absolute Truth, a thought proceeding from the absolute Mind. The power is not infallible; that is to say, it is not infallible when associated with human frailty; but neither is reasoning infallible when practised by our blundering intelligence. Secure that we are not left without guidance, we may embark on the adventure of spiritual life, uncharted though it be. It is sufficient that we carry a compass.

Long ago, St. Paul, in condemning the educated heathen for not discerning from creation the Creator's "everlasting power and divinity," proclaimed implicitly this power of human reason to reach a measure of certainty, but experience has shown that, although there is an absolute Truth which should be the same for all, our "power of self-criticism," which tests the validity of our convictions, does not act uniformly in the

case of all sincere inquirers. Ultimately such a criterion reduces itself to that "private judgment," which has passed in its time such strange sentences. Outside the range of mathematical truths and the primary axioms of logic, the human intellect needs some objective standard to keep it from straying, whether from mere want of training or through the influence of non-rational forces. The testimony of history must be called in to confirm or correct the scientific exercise of reason. Sir Arthur owns that, as things are, reason alone is inadequate; science must be supplemented. "Now I frankly admit that the application of any method which we call scientific to the examination of our religious experience is likely to work havoc. But what else could we expect? Although the method of physical science is inapplicable, the methods of the less exact sciences, which are to some extent modelled on it, may perhaps be applied."

We may fairly ask him whether he is prepared to seek truth outside the range of science, for it is just here that modern thinkers are brought face to face with a tremendous issue—the "acid test" of their sincerity. No matter what attitude an educated non-Christian may assume towards the claims of Christianity, he must at least admit the fact and the greatness of those claims. He cannot deny that Christ Himself and His followers held that He came, "in the wisdom of God," to teach with authority the revelation of God, as being Himself the Son of God, absolute Truth. It follows, therefore, that no sincere seeker after truth can shirk the responsibility of inquiring into the nature and basis of such an extraordinary claim, one which is without parallel in the whole course of history, and if he finds them insufficient, frankly stating why and where. It is wholly unscientific in devotees of science to ignore the Christian religion, which, after all, has been the main influence in civilizing mankind and promoting arts and learning.

It is clear that one who accepts the teachings of Christ about Himself and about God has no need of any other criterion as to their truth. As for the rest, we do not suggest that every seeker after truth can, here and now, accept those teachings, but only that all inquirers are called upon in honesty to examine the validity of the Christian claims. Their notoriety is so great and the *prima facie* evidences of their importance in the world are so clear, that to overlook them is to proclaim oneself insincere in the pursuit of truth. Mathe-

matical and physical truths form only one part of a vast field.

One should be slow to say that modern scientists have not realized that they are seriously bound not to neglect this branch of study, but it is unfortunately true that they show no signs of having embarked upon it. Having discovered the bankruptcy of monistic materialism, they should now follow up their impressions that the universe is fundamentally spiritual, by investigating the fuller testimonies of Christianity. Ordinary folk who attach such great importance to their teaching may ask to be assured that they have faced all the facts, and have not allowed traditional prejudice to blind them to evidences from history. Let them give proof that they have carried out a reasoned inquiry into Christian evidences, as presented by the first and oldest Christian body, the Catholic Church. Such claims must be either accepted or rejected, but not without in either case stating clearly the arguments for or against. Only then can the multitude decide to what extent the scientific expert is a sincere seeker after truth and, so far, a trustworthy guide.

The absence of all reference to the claims and teachings of Christ is the most disquieting element in the modern scientific approach to God. Until this fact is faced fairly and squarely, the deductions drawn from merely scientific reasoning are comparatively feeble and inadequate. It is no doubt an advance of great importance that there is now among the leading scientists a substantial agreement as to the need for a spiritual element in the universe, if we are to understand it at all. But such matters of personal importance to every human being as survival after death, the basis of morality, the reality of the Incarnation, the fact of Redemption, and the rest, are not matters for mathematical or physical investigation. If these learned men finally declare that their researches do not enable them to come to definite conclusions on questions which are matters of reasoned conviction to all Christians, then the importance to be attached to their teaching in their own special field must be considerably weakened. Whatever trust their teaching inspires will be not really due to their all-round knowledge but to their great intellectual ability and technical skill in a limited field of research.

It is all the more necessary that these experts should extend their range because a peculiarity of recent methods of publicity is that they, and others with even less qualification to theological knowledge, are often invited to give their views

on such matters as "The relations between Science and Religion," while professed theologians, who generally know far more about science than scientists know about religion, are for the most part, left out of such discussions. Nor are the really eminent scientists, men who have shown willingness to recognize something beyond matter, generally selected. It is rather the second-class scientist, or *vulgarisateur*, who has the most frequent *entrée* into newspaper columns and uses his opportunity to try to revive materialism. This is the greatest danger the popular mind has to face from these scientific *symposia*. Accordingly, whatever limitations we may find in the reasonings of scientists of the first rank, we surely owe them a debt of gratitude for their stand against a crass and irrational materialism, which would deprive mankind of the grounds and motives for advance of civilization. They are following, even though afar off, those leaders in science who have never felt their deep knowledge of Nature any bar to their belief in God and their responsibility to Him as Creator. Convinced Catholics, most of them, they have never experienced that fettering of the intellect which is supposed to result from the "tyranny of Rome." Even in Galileo's case there was no denial of truth but only a misconceived opposition of truths derived from different sources. No Catholic scientist, it may safely be said, has ever discovered anything in Nature to cause him to doubt the teachings of the Church, which, as facts guaranteed by competent authority, they could not be so unscientific as to deny.

This, then, is the unique method by which we may arrive at such knowledge as is possible about what is called "the mystery of existence"—the purpose for which we are placed in this world. The Catholic Church claims to have the unique commission of declaring this purpose with certainty, the meaning of which she has reached both by the exercise of human intelligence and by faith in her divine Founder. No man, be he an Aristotle, an Augustine, an Aquinas, a Newton, a Boscovitch, a Kelvin, a Hamilton, or an Eddington, can ever discover a thoroughly satisfying theory of the universe, unless he accept the invitation of Christ to learn from the Church He instituted. We are entitled to ask of everyone who professes to teach the truth about the cosmos—"what think you of Christ?"—who was the Truth Incarnate. In perfect accord with sound scientific method, the Vatican Council long ago proclaimed the fundamental harmony be-

tween science and theology in that most far-reaching and important of all intellectual pursuits—the study of God in nature: for the second chapter of its dogmatic constitution, *de fide catholica*, begins:

The same holy mother Church holds and teaches that God, the beginning and end of all things, may be known with certainty from created things by the natural light of human reason; *for the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made* (Rom. i. 20): that nevertheless, it has pleased his goodness and wisdom by another and supernatural way to reveal himself and the eternal decrees of his will to the human race, according to the Apostle's words,—*God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by his Son* (Heb. i. 1).

Science will really get religion when it supplements its researches into the nature and purpose of the universe by taking heed of revelation.

H. V. GILL, S.J.

DID POPE GREGORY II. SANCTION BIGAMY?

IT was natural enough that the Holy Father's plain and uncompromising pronouncement on Christian Marriage, in the Encyclical *Casti Connubii*, should be received a little querulously even by those Anglicans who are in sympathy with its general teaching. As members of the Church by law established they cannot but be sensitive regarding the inconsistencies and contradictions which for many years past have marked the utterances of the foremost representatives of that Church in dealing with the same subject. We have, therefore, no ground to be surprised or resentful when an attempt is made to show that the Holy See itself has not been quite steadfast throughout the centuries in upholding the indissolubility of the nuptial bond. An appeal to historical facts is always fair in such controversies, and so long as the facts are not misrepresented we have no reason to impute bias or unworthy motives to those who are resisting what seems to them an extravagant claim. The difficulty in the case I propose to discuss is a real one, and there seems justification for dealing with the matter in some little detail.

In the *Church Times* of February 20th, the Rev. Frederic Hood, writing from Pusey House, Oxford, called attention to what seemed to him two departures from the standpoint of the present Holy Father in regard to the indissolubility of marriage. Upon the second of these, which concerns the remarriage alleged to have been permitted to Uniat Greeks after a divorce for adultery, I do not propose to touch. No pronouncement of the Holy See sanctioning the practice has been produced or is producible, and it is certain that great efforts have been made to suppress it. On the other hand Mr. Hood's first objection is based upon an ancient document of unchallenged authenticity. It is regrettable that he did not quote the text, but we may readily acquit him of any intentional misrepresentation. The statement in his letter to the *Church Times* runs as follows. After mentioning St. Gregory II. and referring to the Encyclical on Christian Marriage of "his illustrious successor, Pius XI.", Mr. Hood goes on:

In it the Pope emphatically affirms that a valid and con-

summated Christian marriage is indissoluble. St. Gregory II., however, in a letter to St. Boniface in 726 A.D., replying to a question as to what a husband was to do whose wife fell so ill that cohabitation was impossible, expressed another view. His answer was that it was better for him not to re-marry, but that if he had not the gift of continence, he might do so provided that he made provision for his first wife.

In the following issue of the *Church Times* the difficulty raised by this letter of Gregory II. was dealt with by two distinguished Catholic scholars, Abbot Chapman of Downside and Father G. H. Joyce, S.J., Professor of Theology at Heythrop College. Both very rightly lay stress upon the fact that we are altogether in the dark regarding the terms of the question—one of a series—which St. Boniface had asked. So long as we are ignorant of the precise wording of this question and the qualifications that may have been introduced into it, no explanation can be entirely satisfactory, and it is not surprising that Abbot Chapman and Father Joyce propose somewhat different solutions. The former, laying stress upon the reference (in the Pope's preceding answer) to the "barbarous" nature of the people amongst whom St. Boniface was working, and also upon the word *nam* (for) with which the second reply is introduced, comes to the conclusion that the missionary had asked what was to be done if a heathen who had an invalid wife with whom he could not cohabit sought to be baptized. In Abbot Chapman's view this was a case for the exercise of the "Pauline privilege," as it is called (with reference to I Cor. vii. 10 seq.), and depends upon the principle that the bond of a marriage contracted between two pagans is not indissoluble, especially when the one is converted to the Faith and the other persists in heathendom. Abbot Chapman's contention, therefore, is that the marriage regarding which Gregory II. was consulted was not a *Christian* union, and that there is no evidence which justifies Mr. Hood in speaking of it as "a consummated Christian marriage" which the Pope treated as dissoluble.

On the other hand Father Joyce, who equally takes exception to this phrase in Mr. Hood's letter, directs his attack against the first of the two adjectives employed. St. Boniface's question, he thinks, may well have been concerned with a matrimonial contract between Christians, but there is noth-

ing whatever which justifies our Anglican critic in assuming that the marriage had been *consummated*.

The difficulty [writes Father Joyce] was considered by Rolandus in the twelfth century, and he concludes that in all probability it related to an unconsummated marriage (*Summa Rolandi* Ed. Thaner, p. 181) in which before cohabitation had begun, the bride had been attacked by an incurable disease. In the early Middle Ages marriage was so often contracted while one or both of the parties were still in tender years,¹ that this hypothesis has nothing improbable in it. It may be observed that both Freisen (*Geschichte des Canonischen Eherechts*, p. 331) and Fahrner (*Geschichte der Ehescheidung*, p. 63) accept this as the only reasonable explanation.

From the logical point of view the difficulty is quite fairly met by either of these solutions. Mr. Hood objects that a consummated Christian marriage has been treated by Pope Gregory as dissoluble. In answer Abbot Chapman maintains that there is no proof that it was Christian, Father Joyce that there is nothing to show that it was consummated. The *onus probandi* clearly lies with Mr. Hood. No one disputes that many Popes before Gregory II., and many more after him, have laid down the principle that a valid and consummated Christian marriage cannot be annulled. If in a single instance a Pope treats a marriage as dissoluble, the presumption must be that, knowing the circumstances, he held it to be either not valid, or not consummated, or not a union between Christians. Mr. Hood in his reply to the letters which his criticism evoked² has made no attempt to prove that the marriage in question was any one of these things.

On the other hand, while I fully recognize the temerity of differing from the opinion of two scholars so eminently qualified to pronounce upon the subject, still the very fact that they differ in their solutions encourages me to offer a third suggestion which, while fully admitting the impossibility of settling the matter so long as we do not know the exact terms of St. Boniface's question, would run on somewhat different lines to the answers summarized above. Let me borrow first of all Abbot Chapman's translation of the text in dispute. He writes:

The second [of St. Boniface's questions] may be presumed

¹ Child marriages were certainly common in the *later* Middle Ages, but I should like evidence that this was equally true among the Franks of the Merovingian and Carolingian period.

² See the *Church Times* for March 6th, p. 280.

to refer to heathens, as the Pope goes on at once "For (*nam*)¹ as to the point you propose: what if a woman, who has been seized by an infirmity, is incapable, what shall her mate (*iugalis*) do? It would be good if he should so remain, and give himself to abstinence. But since this is for great souls, he who cannot observe continence should rather marry; but he should not cease to support the woman who is prevented by illness, not cast out by a loathsome sin." The question must have been about a pagan couple, who were to be baptized. Such cases frequently arise in missions and are difficult to solve. But the dissolution of Christian marriages in the West in the eighth century is not easily thinkable, nor, for such a reason, in the East; nor would St. Boniface have asked for instructions in such a matter.²

I have given the whole paragraph of Abbot Chapman's letter because a certain difficulty which I feel in agreeing with its concluding sentences is in part responsible for the writing of this present article. What I have particularly before my mind is a section in the document printed by Haddan and Stubbs under the heading "The Dialogue of Egbert, Archbishop of York." Although this is only known to us through one manuscript (Cotton, Vitellius A. xiii.) of the eleventh century, the editors remark that "it is generally received as genuine, the single doubt thrown upon it by the fact of its variations from the 'Excerptiones Egberti' disappearing as closer examination shows the latter work not to be Egbert's at all." Egbert, who died in 766, was, it must be remembered, the correspondent, if not the personal friend, of St. Boniface. Now section xiii. of this "Dialogus" takes the following form:

QUESTION

If by mutual agreement a lawful marriage is dissolved on account of the illness of husband or wife, is it permissible for the healthy party who cannot preserve chastity to contract a

¹ Is the *nam* here in any way significant? I can see no logical connection between clause 3 and clause 4 in the same letter, but clause 4 is also introduced with a *nam*. And there is an *enimvero* at the beginning of clause 8.

² It may be well to give the Latin text: "Nam quod posuisti, quodsi mulier infirmitate correpta non valuerit viri debitum reddere, quid eius faciat iugalis: bonum esset, si sic permaneret, ut abstinentiæ vacaret; sed quia hoc magnorum est, ille, qui se non poterit continere, nubat magis. Non tamen subsidii opem subtrahat ab illa cui infirmitas præpedit et non detestabilis culpa excludit." M. Tangl, *Die Briefe des heiligen Bonifatius und Lullus*, p. 45. The Pope's answer was written Nov. 22, 726. The accuracy of the text can hardly be doubted, supported as it is by four MSS. of the ninth century and others of later date. It is recognized, I think, that Tangl's text, founded on a new collation of the MSS., is the most authoritative, but there is no difference of reading of any moment in the passage before us.

second marriage, supposing that the invalid consents thereto and promises to lead a continent life ever afterwards? What does your Holiness decide in such a case?

EGBERT'S ANSWER

No one who runs counter to the Gospel and to the Apostle does so without having to pay the penalty; for this reason we by no means sanction adultery. We are far, however, from imposing upon anybody a burden that cannot be borne without danger; we only declare unfalteringly what are God's Commandments. As for him whose weakness prevents him from fulfilling (them), we can but leave him utterly to the judgment of God. Therefore, for fear that by silence we may seem to encourage adultery, or lest the devil who beguiles adulterers should triumph in their evil doing, hear thou further "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder"; and also "he that can take let him take it." For often, as times pass and change, necessity breaks the law. What was it David did when he was hungry? And yet he is without sin. Therefore in matters of perplexity no judgment can be given. But for the salvation of others (? the) counsels must be risked, interposing only this proviso that if anyone has pledged himself to continence he can in no way be permitted to contract a second marriage while his former partner remains alive.¹

The question is plain enough, and it will be noticed that there is here no mention or hint of a marriage between pagans, or of one that had not been consummated, but I can by no means feel sure that I have correctly translated one or two phrases in the answer. For example does "*sed consilia necesse est periclitari pro salute aliorum*" mean "when the salvation of others is at stake the evangelical counsels must go to the wall," or rather that, in spite of perplexity, "one must risk giving advice for the sake of other people's salvation"? With regard to the general drift, however, the meaning seems

¹ Haddan and Stubbs, "Concilia," Vol. III., p. 409. "Nemo contra Evangelium, nemo contra apostolum sine vindicta facit, idcirco consensum minime præbemus adulteris; onera tamen, quæ sine periculo portari non possunt, nemini imponimus, ea vero, quæ sunt Dei mandata, confidenter indicimus. Quem autem infirmitas implendi præpedit, uno profecto multum reservamus iudicio Dei. Igitur ne forte videamur silentio fovere adulteros, aut diabolus qui decipit adulteros de adulteris exultet, ulterius audi: 'Quod Deus coniunxit, homo non separet.' Et item: 'Qui potest capere, capiat.' Sæpe namque temporum permutatione, necessitas legem frangit. Quid enim fecit David, quando esuriit? et tamen sine peccato est. Ergo in ambiguis non est ferenda sententia. Sed consilia necesse est periclitari pro salute aliorum, hac conditione interposita, ut ei qui se continentiae devovit, nullo modo concedatur secundas inire nuptias, vivente priore."

plainly to be that, so far as concerns the healthy party, if he cannot observe continence, Egbert is prepared to leave him to take another wife or not according to the dictates of his own conscience.¹ Egbert was a saintly and much respected Archbishop who ruled the See of York from 732 to 766.² He was in correspondence with St. Boniface, and one is led to suspect that he may have had before him the terms of Gregory II.'s reply to the great missionary, written, as mentioned above, in 726.

I do not want to press this conjecture unduly, for there was unquestionably in the seventh and three following centuries a considerable body of opinion which tolerated, or at any rate thought it useless to rail against, the remarriage of those who, when their partner was stricken with leprosy, or carried off into slavery, or admitted to take vows in a Religious Order, found themselves incapable of preserving continence in solitude. Abbot Chapman may be right in saying that "the *dissolution* of Christian marriages in the West in the eighth century is not easily thinkable," but certain ecclesiastical and secular councils, as well as a vast number of Penitentials belonging to that period, if they did not explicitly speak of the dissolution of the first marriage, contemplated with apparent equanimity the possibility of contracting another union while the former partner was still living. To give a complete list of such utterances would extend this paper beyond reasonable limits, but two or three of the more noteworthy may be mentioned. The trouble of course was that the people, barbarous and ill-instructed for the most part, took the law into their own hands. The Church was powerless to enforce its prohibitions. As early as the Council of Arles (A.D. 314) the difficulty was felt, for that assembly passed an ordinance concerning those whose wives were guilty of adultery. "The same being young men, Christians, and forbidden to marry, it is enacted, that as far as possible they should be warned (*consilium eis detur*) that so long as their wives are living, even though these have com-

¹ The archbishop seems to me to say: "Well, it is clearly adultery, and I cannot advise anyone to commit adultery; but a breach of the law may sometimes be justified as the less of two evils. The man must judge for himself." I believe that this was also the meaning of the answer of Pope Gregory II.

² See the account of Egbert in the D.N.B., which speaks in appreciative terms of his scholarship, his administrative ability and his ascetical habits of life. He was evidently trusted by such men as St. Bede, St. Boniface, and Alcuin.

mitted adultery, they should not take other wives."¹ Though this mild decree does not imply any weakening of principle, it certainly shows that the assembled Fathers realized that there would be cases where no remonstrance would be effective against the sexual urge of young blood. And the matter did not stop there. Whether Archbishop St. Theodore of Canterbury, whose name is entered in the Roman Martyrology and who is honoured liturgically in some dioceses on September 19th, was primarily responsible for a certain relaxation in discipline cannot be determined.² But there seems to be reasonable certainty that a penitential code which bears his name did in its primitive form emanate from him and must consequently be older than the year 690. In this code we find such pronouncements as the following:

If a husband by theft or fornication or any other crime, has incurred the penalty of slavery, his wife, if she had no previous husband, is free after the lapse of a year to take another husband, though this is not permissible if she was married before.

If hostile raiders have carried off any man's wife and he cannot get her back, he may take another; this is better than fornication. If after this his (original) wife should return to him, she ought not to be received by him if he already has another; but let her take another husband, if she has had (only) one before. The same holds good for slaves who have been carried beyond seas.³

That these and similar decisions circulated widely on the Continent cannot admit of doubt, and they are probably responsible for the lax views formulated under Court pressure at the Council of Verberie in 756 and at that of Compiègne in 757. Seeing that the decrees of these assemblies were published by Pepin as royal capitularies, there would even seem reason to suppose that they were drafted by the Court officials and were merely approved by the Council. Amongst other canons they enact:

If anyone constrained by unavoidable necessity should take

¹ Hefele-Leclercq, "Conciles," I., p. 287. As Hefele points out, the civil law allowed the innocent party to remarry. If a Christian woman with an adulterous husband availed herself of the privilege, she was excommunicated (Elvira, c. 9). But here the man is only to be *exhorted* not to take another wife. No penalty is formally imposed if he disobeys.

² In a paper contributed to the "Mélanges offerts à M. Gustave Schlumberger" (1924) M. Paul Fournier has shown how Greek ideas, brought to the West by St. Theodore, exercised a great influence upon the canonical discipline of the Carolingian epoch. See pp. 67-78.

³ Haddan and Stubbs, "Concilia," Vol. III., pp. 199-201. It is worth noticing that the Latin text was printed by Stubbs from a MS. of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, written, probably, not later than the eighth century.

up his abode in another province or should have to follow his liege lord out of the country, and his wife, while well in health and able to travel, should refuse to accompany him, she must remain single as long as her husband shall live. But he, if he cannot observe continence, may take another wife, though he must perform a penance therefore.¹

This is a curious pronouncement, upon which a word must be said later, but meanwhile we may notice another decree of the same council to the effect that if a man seduces his wife's cousin he must never again cohabit with his wife, whereas she, being thus deprived of her mate, may marry again if she likes. To this, however, the words are attached "*hoc ecclesia non recipit*" (this the Church refuses to accept). At the Council of Compiègne in the following year Pepin himself appears to have been present with Archbishop St. Chrodegang of Metz, and also two papal legates, George, Bishop of Ostia, and John, who was not a bishop. Still, here again we meet with strange teaching. For example:

16. If a man has allowed his wife to become a nun in a convent, or to wear a religious habit without being cloistered, he may marry another. The same holds good for a wife. Bishop George has sanctioned this canon.

19. If a leper permits his wife who is not a leper to marry another man, she is free to do so. This is equally true of the husband of a wife who has contracted leprosy.²

These decrees are admittedly quite exceptional. The indissolubility of the marriage bond is at all other periods maintained and emphasized by the councils, whether general or provincial, which were held in western Christendom. But this eighth century is also the century of Pope Gregory II. and St. Boniface, and it was the same eighth century which witnessed the diffusion over western Europe of those penitentials which for the majority of the clergy were the channels through which they became acquainted with the rudiments of Church law. No one who has not looked into the subject can form an idea of the extent to which these books were multiplied. There must be more than thirty manuscripts of early date still in existence which contain the strange decisions quoted above, and for the most part attributed to St. Theodore. The lists furnished by Wassersch-

¹ Harduin, "*Concilia*," Vol. III., col. 1991.

² *Ibid.*, col. 2005.

leben and Bishop Hermann J. Schmitz of the codices they collated in printing their texts make this clear;¹ and there were other similar documents not bearing the name of Theodore which were equally lax in their treatment of the hard cases created by the adultery of wives or husbands, by the raids of barbarian invaders, by the prevalence of leprosy and insanity, and by the desire of so many married people to find a refuge from worldly cares in the Religious life. A decision in what is described as the "*Judicium Clementis*" (the Judgment of Clement, *i.e.*, St. Willibrord) may serve to illustrate the point. It repeats the teaching mentioned above that if a man's wife has been carried off by raiders, he may take a new one after a year has elapsed, while she, if she should ever return to her own country, may look out for a new husband.² In reference to all this matter the only point I would seek to make is that the average ecclesiastic among the Franks must have been very familiar with solutions of practical cases which can with difficulty be reconciled with the theory of the indissolubility of marriage. Loose ideas on the subject were certainly very prevalent. Burchard, who was Bishop of Worms from A.D. 1000 to his death in 1025, was a learned and highly respected ecclesiastic, yet in the 19th Book of his *Decreta* may be found at least four solutions which can in no way be reconciled with the received teaching in this matter. For example the following case.³ A man takes his little son to be baptized and himself acts as godfather, with the express purpose of creating a spiritual relationship which will prevent him from ever in future having marital relations with his wife, whom presumably he hates. Burchard declares that, unless the bishop provides otherwise, the man, even after performing seven

¹ Schmitz gives references to more than 150 MSS. of this class which he has consulted, and nearly a third part of these date from the 8th, 9th or 10th century; but there are many more which he has not seen. He has noted very few of the penitentials existing in England or in French provincial libraries.

² See Wasserschleben, "*Bussordnungen*," p. 435, n. 19. There is no evidence, of course, that this ruling was really sanctioned by St. Willibrord.

³ Migne, P.L., Vol. 140, col. 967, and cf. cols. 959 and 966. P. Fournier ("*Revue d'Histoire Ecclésiastique*," July, 1911, p. 455 note) will not allow that Burchard took over the whole Book XIX. as it stood from a pre-existing source. In a second article (October, p. 682) Fournier calls attention to the inconsistency of these decisions. Some indulgence was shown to the innocent party in the hope that the severe penalties enacted against the guilty might have a better chance of enlisting public opinion in their favour. The age, as Fournier shows (pp. 672-673, 683), was terribly corrupt. It was said by a bishop in 862: "*ut de mulieribus taceam, rarus aut nullus est vir qui cum uxore virgo conveniat.*" Harduin, "*Concilia*," V., col. 544.

years' penance, is debarred from any hope of married life in future; but his wife, if she cannot remain continent, may take another husband ("uxor autem, si se continere non potest, nubat in Domino").

Are we to infer from this apparent readiness to allow a second marriage while the parties to the first were still both of them living, that St. Gregory II. himself held uncertain views about the indissolubility of the bond? I do not for a moment think so, and I doubt very much whether the concessions made by such teachers as St. Theodore or Burchard were of the nature which the language which they used suggests to us nowadays. There is in nearly all the cases we have considered a notable point of resemblance. The innocent party who suffers is urged to lead a celibate life, but if this is beyond his strength, well, let him marry, for, as is more than once suggested in such decisions, it is better to marry than to commit fornication. What did the word *nubat* as employed by Pope Gregory precisely mean? Let me premise that it is not altogether easy for us to realize the conditions which obtained among the half-civilized German peoples whom St. Boniface was evangelizing. They had their own traditional customs, and amongst other things a very definite form of procedure for the contracting of marriage. We may learn the details from Benedict Levita and other sources, but the ceremonies of the preliminary betrothal and the subsequent "gifta," with the transference of the "mund," which accompanied it, do not particularly interest us here. The important fact is that a Christian marriage had at this date no distinctive ritual of its own beyond the celebration of Mass, in which was included a special form of benediction. Efforts were undoubtedly made to impress upon all Christian folk the desirability of having their union blessed by the priest, but we have reason to think that such exhortations were not much heeded by a large section of the people. In any case the old pre-Christian rites were still observed, though the actual handing over of the bride now took place in the church porch rather than at home and might be followed by the celebration of Mass. But a religious ceremony was not required to secure the actual validity of the nuptials. It is no less an authority than Pope St. Nicholas I., who in 866 states this quite explicitly in answering the questions of the Bulgarians. The only essential element in a valid marriage was the consent of the parties, and he seems distinctly

to imply that amongst poorer folk the religious ceremony was more commonly and quite justifiably dispensed with.¹ Such marriages, therefore, though they received no benediction of the Church and might rightly be described as clandestine, were recognized as true marriages both by ecclesiastical and Frankish law.²

Moreover, there is another point to be considered. It is quite recognized among modern theologians who write of the Sacraments, that any *clear* conception of Matrimony as an outward sign of inward grace ordained by Christ was very late in developing. Not until long after the date of Pope Gregory II. do we find our seven sacraments distinctly enumerated. It was more or less vaguely realized that Our Saviour's presence at Cana in Galilee had sanctified all such contracts undertaken in accordance with His holy law, and that the blessing of the Church brought substantial help to those who entered upon this new life and were called upon to face fresh trials and responsibilities. But the formalizing in precise terms of the sacramental conception of the marriage contract was reserved for the schoolmen of an age still far remote.

When, then, we find Gregory II. tolerating the idea that a man with a hopelessly invalid wife, if he has not the strength of character to observe continence, might "marry," I believe that he simply meant that an irregular union, ratified by customary usages, was a better thing for the husband and a less danger to the community at large, than to leave him to gratify uncontrollable instincts by promiscuous fornication. There was no suggestion of the Church blessing the new contract entered upon. Second marriages at that date were never blessed. We have not any reason to suppose that Gregory looked upon this taking a new partner in life as a real marriage. The Pope was writing a private letter to a friend who had consulted him about a difficulty, not laying down a principle in a document which was addressed to all the faithful. I believe, in fact, that the husband would not have been admitted to the sacraments

¹ Peccatum autem esse, si hæc cuncta in nuptiali fœdere non interveniant, non dicimus, quemadmodum Græcos vos astruere dicitis, præsertim cum tanta soleat arctare quosdam rerum inopia, ut ad hæc præparanda nullum his suffragetur auxilium; ac per hoc sufficiat secundum leges solus eorum consensus de quorum coniunctionibus agitur. Qui consensus si solus in nuptiis forte defecerit, cetera omnia, etiam cum coitu celebrata, frustrentur." Migne, P.L., Vol. 119, col. 980.

² See on all this matter Ernst Hoyer "Die Ehen Minderen Rechts" (Brünn, 1926), especially pp. 61—75.

without undergoing a period of penance and breaking off the connection thus newly formed. But he would have been left in peace by the bishop and authorities who, as we know, were required in other cases to proceed against adulterers by formal excommunication and severe penalties. Moreover, when the fires of youth had died down, or when death seemed to draw near, he would have been admitted to the sacraments upon the promise of future continence. The strangely illogical attitude of mind manifested in the decree of Compiègne quoted above was, I believe, very general. A canon in the so-called "*Excerptiones Egberti*" emphasizes it still further. By this, if a woman left her husband and refused to return to him even after five or seven years' absence, he, with the consent of the bishop, may take another wife, if he cannot observe continence, "but he must do penance for three years, or even for as long as he lives, because by the verdict of Our Lord, he is proclaimed an adulterer."¹ St. Gregory II. seems to have been a man opposed to extreme rigorism. He allowed marriages to stand which had been celebrated within the fourth degree of kindred, though his successor fixed the limit at the seventh, but there is nothing, I submit, in the advice he gave to St. Boniface which would show him to have adhered less firmly to the principle of the indissolubility of Christian marriage than St. Leo or St. Gregory the Great whose uncompromising teaching is preserved to us in many passages of their writings.² The views reflected in the Theodrine penitentials were introduced from the East, and obtained wide currency only in regions under Frankish influence. There is no evidence that their lax teaching—and many of the penitentials were not open to objection on this score—was received in Rome, much less that it originated in any utterance of Pope Gregory II.

HERBERT THURSTON.

¹ Migne, P.L., Vol. 89, col. 393, no. 122.

² The explanation here given of Gregory II.'s answer seems to be that preferred by Prof. Villien. See his article "Divorce," in the "*Dictionnaire de Théologie*" (Vol. IV., col. 1467). He adds the pertinent suggestion that the distinction between *impotentia antecedens* and *impotentia superveniens* may not at that period have yet been clearly formulated.

JUDAS : MISER OR CYNIC ?

THERE are depths of infamy which seem as much beyond our comprehension as the heights of heroic holiness. The more sinister figures of history move in a murky gloom which makes it difficult for the ordinary man to follow their mental processes. Wild guesses have been made as to the motives of the arch-conspirator in the story of the Passion, but none of them have the appearance of being anything more than freakish suggestions. The psychological problem which Judas presents is both provocative and baffling. Hence it has been the happy hunting-ground of such as love to explore the dark places of the human mind.

Perhaps the most eccentric of the theories advanced to account for his act of treachery is that he hoped, by bringing to a head the quarrel between Jesus and His opponents, to compel the Master to vindicate His claims by some supreme manifestation of supernatural power. The desire to whitewash those on whom tradition has fastened an evil reputation is inherent in a certain type of writer. It was inevitable that Judas should find his apologists. But this theory has not a shred of evidence to support it. There is nothing in the language of Scripture to make it even plausible. It is sheer fancy, lacking in both psychological insight and dramatic fitness.

The difficulty of the problem is, of course, greatly increased by the fact that references to Judas in the Gospels supply us with such scanty material from which to form an estimate of his character. Not till the final scenes in the Drama does he figure at all prominently. We know that he came from Kerioth, a city of Judah, and was probably the only Judean in the little company of immediate Disciples. Further, St. John tells us that he carried the bag and helped himself to the contents. Other allusions to him are also associated with money, as when he objected to the "wastefulness" of the woman who broke her cruse of ointment over Our Lord's feet. These references, supported by the fact that he received thirty pieces of silver for betraying his Lord, have led some to declare that avarice was the master-passion which led him to his awful doom.

Now avarice is much rarer than is commonly supposed. To a large number of those engaged in making money the money itself is a secondary consideration. They are in business not so much for what they can make out of it as because business itself, its hazards and triumphs, the opportunities it gives for exercising judgment, fascinates them. Money for such is just a symbol of personal triumph. It comes to be reckoned as the card-player reckons his dummy coins. It is an index of skill on the part of the one accumulating it. The avaricious person will find it difficult to part with his possessions, even when by so doing he may increase them. The commercially-minded, on the other hand, often speculate recklessly. The one, in his financial operations looks to the prize to be gained, the other is more interested in the game itself. The fact that he was appointed Treasurer seems to indicate that Judas had business instincts. There is nothing to show that he was a miser.

More to the point than the connection between money-making and avarice is the liability of the financier to develop a certain perilous aloofness from common human feelings. He deals not with specific commodities themselves, but with a medium which represents commodities of all kinds. Where the mercenary motive has become overmastering the peculiar and characteristic value of goods is overlooked and only their money-value taken into account. Not their actual use but their importance from the standpoint of the trader is the chief concern. The means of health, things of beauty, the courage of the patriot, honesty and purity of character, religion itself, are exploited in the market, their real values being reduced to what they will "fetch." This is the tarnishing hand which is destroying the freshness of so much in the world to-day. Its touch has transformed our national games into a combat of rival firms from which the spirit of sport evaporates. Its contamination degrades art. It seizes the Press and makes it the vehicle of idle gossip, inflated news and rhetorical nonsense. It turns the limelight of publicity on sacred intimacies and plays with the picturesque elements in religion for the sake of stage-effects and the profitable popularity such stage-effects secure. The painter, the novelist and dramatist, the politician, and even the preacher, lend themselves to this shameless exploitation. But consent is not necessary in order to become the victim of Commercialism. The most retiring

of recluses, if his character or work has values that can be turned into money by publicity, will find himself dragged from his laboratory, his library or his monastic cell to stand before the vacuous gaze of millions. Nothing is too sacred or too personal for this kind of exploitation.

It is easier to understand Judas' tragedy if we see him moving along this path. The infamous climax wherein he sold the Son of God to His enemies is more intelligible if we think of the Betrayer as first of all selling Him to His friends. Was he not in a favourable position to give wealthy suppliants speedier access to the Master than they might have otherwise gained? Would not a man with this commercial instinct soon learn that being in the confidence of a Popular Hero had profitable possibilities? It is not difficult to picture Judas as coming to regard Jesus as marketable produce and to estimate His words and deeds from that standpoint. An astounding miracle, a moving discourse were good "publicity." It seems incredible that anyone should thus exploit Divine Holiness, but Judas is a fact, and so is the modern stunt-monger. It was precisely this sin of trafficking in holy things, we may recall, which provoked that outburst of wrath on the part of the Messiah so largely responsible for the final crisis of Calvary.

He who sold Jesus to His friends would not find it an unthinkable thing, when ominous signs appeared that the Master's career was to be cut short, to sell Him to His enemies. The trader who is nothing but a trader and for whom money has become an impersonal medium, is not troubled by the source from which his profits come or with the motives which prompt his customers. His detachment is his supreme characteristic. Judas has been represented as urged by every sort of evil passion. Some have spoken of him as though, disappointed with the outcome of the Messianic adventure, he went over to the enemy. They see him as a secret confederate of Caiphas. But men such as he know nothing of partisanship. The fierce hate of the Jerusalem aristocracy was as alien to the Betrayer's mind as the devotion of Galilean peasants. He could smile cynically at both. To his way of thinking those who paid hard cash for the sake of venting a bigoted spleen were in the same class as the weeping penitent who mingled costly unguents with her tears. It is as a cold-blooded trafficker that the supreme sinner of his

tory reveals himself. He was in truth a monster for whom ordinary human passions were meaningless. He stood outside the raging tumult which divided Jerusalem into two camps in tragic solitude, his keen-cut features expressing a Mephistophelean smile of indifference to both parties. All he was concerned with was to exploit the passions of those more excitable than himself.

What seems to us the mistake made concerning him is similar to that which attributes debased tastes to the seller of pornographic literature, and which imagines that the frothy demagogue necessarily shares the crude anger and impracticable views of the mob he addresses. Do the editors of popular dailies never smile to themselves at the falsetto pathos, the pompous rhetoric, the flatulent truisms of their leader-writers? Is it not possible that the publisher of subversive books on philosophy and theology cares too little about religion to be either a believer or a sceptic?

This attitude of self-concentrated detachment gives great advantages. It will be frequently found that in a time of heated national feeling it is some clever alien who comes to the top and assumes leadership. Political parties are often ruled by men the secret of whose success is a supreme contempt for their followers. Our new plutocracy consists largely of those who, while others fought and died, were cool-minded enough in that time of agony to adopt the motto "Business as Usual." One who stands apart from passionate combatants can see the weakness of both and, if he be so minded, take advantage of it. It is probable that, if Judas had not seen his tragic error, he might have become virtual leader of the anti-Christian faction, a better instigator of persecution than Saul of Tarsus because less enflamed by "righteous" indignation.

It may even be said that he has become the leader of the anti-Christian forces. It is here that we see the historical significance attaching to this interpretation of his character. The more common views regarding him lack symbolic value. They do not relate him to the part played by the baser elements in the race to which he belonged. In no sense do they make him representative. But Judas is a sign. He stands at the head of those international financiers, cosmopolitan plotters and ruthless opponents of tradition in art, morals and religion who have so much power in the modern world. This

is not to say that these acknowledge his leadership or would follow it to the end. It means merely that he is the supreme type of what has come to be associated with the least conscientious of his race, a type characterized by detachment from the passions which stir others and reaping all the advantages which that detachment gives them. The chief enemy is not your fierce fanatic, your bigoted persecutor, your sectarian zealot, your narrow-minded patriot. These are but unconscious tools in the hands of men far more subtle, with far wider range and with that steadiness of purpose and frigidity of intellect bestowed on those free to exploit the fervent interests of others.

But to make the picture of Judas complete we must set him beside a fellow-disciple who also has become a type of detachment. St. Peter during his novitiate showed all the signs of the hot-headed partisan, full of human weaknesses, lovable but scarcely of the sort we associate with leadership, least of all with the leadership of a Church that, through the centuries, is to stand "above the battle." Nevertheless, it was he who became "the Rock," the steadfast one, the foundation on which was to rest the Institution enclosing Jew and Gentile, male and female, bond and free, in one holy community.

How the change was effected is known only to God, yet effected it was, and St. Peter to-day stands before us as the God-chosen representative of a detachment which encloses all human qualities, the detachment of the mother who looks with pity and understanding sympathy upon the differences between her various children, of the father whose will holds impartial sway but without petrifying his heart. To him, in virtue of this quality, belongs the leadership of all people and supremacy over all sects and parties. It is the aloofness neither of commerce nor art which marks him out, but of a comprehensiveness that is both divine and human, the secure superiority of aristocratic birth which, just because it is secure, can afford to stoop to the needs of the humblest.

It is these two forms of detachment which now face each other for the struggle of the coming centuries—that of St. Peter and that of the disciple who marketed his Master.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

CATHOLIC DOLES

IN these days of state-regulated assistance, that cold, impersonal provision which seeks to supply the material wants of needy humanity in a manner both degrading to self-respect and harmful to character, it is refreshing to consider how Christian charity was administered in days of old when Catholicity ruled this land, and men helped their neighbours for the love of God and out of kindly feeling for their less fortunate fellows. Every self-respecting citizen to-day loathes the name "dole," because of its connection with modern methods of alleviating financial distress from unemployment. It has come to be associated with "something for nothing," with laziness and with the feeling of servitude which always co-exists where help is dispensed by a non-religious organization. In olden days, however, the word bore a very different significance. Dole-bread (French: *Pain d'aumône*) was bread given as dole or in alms, especially bread begged on All Saints' Day, and the Dole-bag was the bag worn by an official charged to distribute alms, and was even considered in parts of England to be a badge of office worn on stated occasions. The Dole-beer was beer given to needy wayfarers free of cost as an alms. Ben Jonson, in "The Alchemist," makes allusion to this practice:

I know yo' were one, could keepe
The buttery-hatch still lock'd and save the chippings,
Sell the dole-beer to aqua-vitæ men.

In Great Britain we have the term dole-fish, the first portion that falls to each of several fishermen who work in company, and the common cod is sometimes still called "dole-fish" by North Sea fishermen because formerly they took their pay or dole in this species of catch.

The dictionary definition of "dole" is "to give in portions or small quantities, as alms to the poor, apportion, distribute, deal"; thus confirming the idea of the original meaning of a dole, viz., a gift, something given to cause joy or pleasure, and this has come down to us in the proverbial expression used by Shakespeare ("Merry Wives of Windsor," III., Sc. iv.), "Happy man be his dole"—meaning, may his dole or

lot in life be a happy one; and by Beaumont and Fletcher ("Wit at Several Weapons," i. 1), "Let every man beg his way, and happy man be his dole!"

But alas! the dictionary also shows how the meaning of the word has degenerated in modern times by adding—"that which is given grudgingly"—the very spirit of the "dane-geld" we pay to-day to the hungry masses of the unemployed.

Christian charity to the needy, *i.e.*, their "doles," took many forms in the old Catholic days, but in nearly every case one noteworthy feature distinguished them all, *viz.*, the time of their distribution was determined by ecclesiastical festivals, either (most often) during Lent or about Passiontide (evidently with an idea of mortification or penance, as costing the donor something in money or kind), and at the joyful days of the year,—All Saints and particular festivals, the idea being to allow the needy to participate in the Church's rejoicing. As P. H. Ditchfield remarks in "Old English Customs":

Most of the local time-honoured customs of Old England are connected with the Church's Calendar. The Church always was the centre of life of the old villages, and the social amusements and holiday observances were associated with the principal feasts and festivals of the Church. Fairs are still held in most places on the festival of the Saint to whom the parish church was dedicated (p.7).

In many cases also gifts of money or kind, or the granting of certain privileges, were made on the express condition that the living or dead donor be remembered in prayer, or that certain intentions specified by him be prayed for. Indeed, consideration of the folklore of any county in England reveals unmistakably the great part played in the building up of national life, habits and customs, by the deep-seated beliefs and practical charity of the Catholic Church. We may enumerate a few instances of how our forefathers had "understanding of the needy and poor," and thus won the blessings promised by the Psalmist. From the surviving examples we can judge how widespread the practice was.

Easter Doles. There are still extant one or two charity distributions connected with Easter time, and the most famous of which are the Biddenden Dole and the Ellington Dole. Biddenden Dole is distributed at the White House,

Biddenden, Kent, every Easter Monday at 10 a.m. According to Long—"The Dole consists of a distribution of bread, cheese and 'Biddenden Cakes' to those who apply for them." The latter are really long biscuits and are given in memory of conjoined twins, Elred and Mary Chaulkhurst, who died in the middle of the sixteenth century and left twenty acres of land ("Bread and Cheese Land") the rent of which was to purchase bread and cheese for the poor of the parish. The bread and cheese are reserved for poor inhabitants but all who present themselves are given "Cakes." These bear a picture of the twins with their age written on the front, are as hard as wood, and are often kept for years as curiosities.

Ellington Dole (Huntingdonshire). Food is distributed at the old church of this village every Easter Sunday to any poor people who can prove they have slept in the parish overnight. "This was no doubt a charity to assist poor travellers, but was greatly limited in effect, owing to its taking place on one day of the year only. Before the Reformation the various monastic houses provided most generous hospitality for all wayfarers daily, and there were few parts of the country where a traveller on a main road could be more than a day's journey from such accommodation" (Long).

It is fitting here to refer to the still existing and well-known *Wayfarer's Dole* associated with the Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester. It originated in 1133 when the hospital was founded by Bishop Henry de Blois to assist poor men and decayed gentlefolk and in addition to give free meals to 100 poor travellers every day. The *Wayfarer's Dole* "is still given daily to all who knock at the Porter's Lodge. It consists of a piece of bread and a horn of beer, and is given without question to all callers up to a certain daily limit. Those who are really in need are given a much larger portion than the mere tourists who call from curiosity. And when you draw your ration remember that this bounty has been provided daily for nearly nine hundred years!" (Long).

Other doles associated with food are :

Ufton Dole—founded in 1583 by a Lady Marvin of Ufton Court (Berks) and is distributed on the Friday after the Third Sunday in Lent. It comprises a gift of 169 loaves and nine lots of flannel and calico. Lady Marvin founded a similar dole in the neighbouring village of Padworth.

Tichborne Dole. This is very famous and has existed since the 12th century. The present baronet is living on the same ground where his family lived before 1066. The Dole was founded at the request of a Lady Mabella Tichborne of whom it is said that when dying she crawled round twenty-three acres of land (still known as "The Crawls") which was to provide food for the poor on every Lady Day (March 25th).

On this day a flour-bin holding a ton and a half is blessed by the Catholic Chaplain to the family in the porch of the house, prayers are said for the repose of Lady Mabella's soul and the flour is distributed "in the proportion of one gallon for each male in the family and half a gallon for each woman and child" (Long).

At Norwich a dole is distributed on Lady Day when 180 persons are given bread and cheese and 3 eggs each, and at the Maison Dieu, Dover, doles of food are distributed on the founders' days, and at St. Bartholomew's, Sandwich, 300 buns are given away on the Saint's Feast Day.

Some doles were founded to provide relief in money, and others in clothing and bedding.

Of the former the best known is the Maundy-Money. In mediæval days the king of England would wash the feet of twelve poor men in remembrance of Our Lord washing the feet of His disciples on the eve of Good Friday, and this is still done in the full ceremonial of Holy Week by Catholic bishops. As a state ceremony, however, the ceremony has been replaced by the bestowal of Maundy-Money in Westminster Abbey to as many poor men as the king has years.

Several other doles of money are associated with the Feast of St. Thomas, December 21st, especially in Lancashire and Yorkshire. In some places old women go round the town and are given gratuities and they are said to be "going a-Thomasing." In Oldham, Lancashire, on the Feast of St. Thomas, there is a distribution of what is known as Short Day Tickets. These are distributed by the Mayor and Vicar and take the form of tickets for blankets. The money comes from land given in Catholic days for this purpose.

In country districts girls and women are said to go "dole-ing" on St. Thomas's day. "They go round collecting money to lay in a store of good things for Christmas and in return sprigs of evergreen are left at the houses. . . The collecting box is sometimes decorated with holly, bearing within

two dolls representing the Virgin and Child" (Leopold Wagner: "Manners, Customs and Observances").

This attempt to represent the Virgin and Child is also found in some parts of Northern England in the form of "dows" or flat cakes, cut into the shape of a human body, raisins representing the eyes and nose. Wagner (p. 33) thinks that the name is derived from the dough of which they were made, and that the shape is a corruption of that "originally intended to represent the Infant Saviour with the Virgin Mary."

He also refers to the belief current round Stonyhurst that thorn trees blossom at midnight and that oxen stand up and lie down on their other side in honour of Our Lord's Nativity.

It is not commonly known that Boxing Day derives its name from an old Catholic custom—the placing of alms-(or Christmas)-boxes in the churches to receive the gifts of the faithful for the poor. The alms were gathered at the Masses on Christmas Day, but were not doled out until December 26th, and this, therefore, was called Boxing Day.

Another memorial of ancient times still existing and connected with a dole of money is the Spital Sermon, preached at Christ Church. In mediæval days, "Three sermons on the Passion were delivered at St. Paul's Cross on Good Friday and three other sermons at the pulpit cross of the Churchyard of St. Mary of the Spittle. These sermons have now been reduced to one preached at Christ Church previous to which the Blue Coat Boys wait upon the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House to receive gratuities" (Leopold Wagner, *op. cit.*, p. 210).

We must not be thought to suggest that true charity, blessing both giver and recipient, has died out in our midst since the Catholic Faith ceased to influence the country as a whole. The existence of our hospitals, "supported by voluntary contributions," would ridicule such a suggestion. But the fact that the community as a whole has to be taxed in order to support its indigent members, on the colossal scale which we witness to-day, is a plain sign that the modern community, unlike the pre-Reformation one, is not organized on a basis of Catholic principle.

M. G. CARDWELL.

RERUM NOVARUM

“**R**ES novæ,” the phrase which, in an inflected form, opens the famous Encyclical of Leo XIII. “On the Condition of the Working-Classes,” is the Latin for “a revolution,” and so it figures aptly enough at the head of a document which aimed at effecting a radical change in the relations between Labour and Capital. The Encyclical called for a new revolution in order to undo the effects of that other upheaval, political in France and industrial in England, which, a century previous, had introduced the regime of “secularism” into both politics and economics. Under its influence the State renounced the obedience of faith, and trade threw off the shackles of morality. Henceforward, expediency was made the guide of the one and unchecked covetousness the stimulus of the other. Broadly speaking, the Great War and the subsequent economic chaos were the result. Human society cannot remain civilized if it confines its gaze to earth: human passions, especially the passion of avarice, tend to self-destruction, unless controlled by God’s law. In other words, if you do not seek, first of all, the Kingdom of God and His justice, all these things will be gradually taken away from you. This oracle of God has already pronounced the doom of Soviet Russia, which has tried to banish God from Government and industry alike. The other secular States, which officially ignore, rather than reject, religion, and are still largely influenced by the traditions of their Christian past, may yet be converted and live. It was for their sakes that Pope Leo issued, forty years ago, the great Encyclical, the fame of which the Catholic world is uniting to celebrate in Rome next month.

The silver jubilee of its appearance, May 15, 1916, found us in the very crisis of that world-conflict which neglect of its teaching had helped to bring about, and accordingly it passed with very little notice. The reason why, this year, its golden jubilee has been anticipated by a decade, must be seen in the desperate condition of the industrial world. Godless Capitalism is bankrupt and is powerless by its own efforts to regain solvency. We must call in help from outside. The crisis was already impending in 1891, when the Pope

declared that "some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and unjustly at this moment on the vast majority of the working-classes." But, instead of combining to rectify this oppression, due to the divorce between economics and ethics, the Great Powers were then wholly preoccupied with questions of their own pre-eminence, and accordingly there ensued the world-war, the inevitable result of armed rivalry, national selfishness, trade-competition, race-hatred, suspicion and fear. Once more, then, the Church calls the world's attention to its inspired diagnosis of the world's woes. The prescriptions of the Pope have, perhaps, a better chance of being tried, now that the neglect of them has proved so disastrous. Anyhow, Catholic teachers will not desist from urging them, for they would be false to their Faith if, having the secret of social reconstruction, they did not constantly promulgate its principles to the best of their power.

For the time being the clash of arms has ceased, but in the industrial sphere the need is greater than ever. An instinct of self-preservation has inspired the nations to form a League against the outbreak of another war, and some sort of political harmony is gradually and with difficulty being evolved, but economic war,—fierce struggles for markets, battles of tariffs, the growth of trusts and monopolies, all the devices that bitter competition for means of making money can inspire—is more rife in the world than ever, with the deplorable result that unemployment is spreading and wages being lowered, and the proletariat—an ugly name for an ugly thing—becoming both more numerous and more degraded.

The danger is the greater because of prevalent preaching of false theories of recovery, based upon a wrong diagnosis of the disease. Human society is suffering because, created for another world, it is trying to find satisfaction in this. The Socialist—I mean the real type,—thinking the hereafter non-existent or doubtful, can only advise still further concentration on things of the earth. It was this unbelieving propagandist that Pope Leo had in view when he denounced the false ideals which were leading the labourer astray. Socialism is the reaction of oppressed and unenlightened human nature against the wrongs of Capitalism. The horrors of the industrial revolution, when human beings were regarded as machines, and their labour was classed, with raw materials,

as a mere commodity, coming at a time when religion was everywhere at a low ebb, made the worker an easy prey to doctrines which showed the way both to relief and revenge. Although the excesses of the French revolution caused a temporary set-back to Socialism, it grew to power again in the middle of last century, and, furnished with its Gospel by Marx and Engels, it had become a sort of international Church, over against the Church Catholic, by the time Leo entered on his pontificate in 1878. Although in this country, by means of the Labour Party's sobering experience of office, and through the object-lesson afforded by the Soviet tyranny, the fallacies of Socialism have become more obvious, the theory still holds the imagination of many who have lost, or never had, faith in Christianity.

From the first, the Church has denounced the wrong principles embodied both in Capitalism and Socialism. She has always proclaimed the social principles of the Gospels—the brotherhood of man, the dignity of labour, the fiduciary character of wealth, the law of charity. She fought and conquered the slave-system of heathendom, and the serf-system of feudalism. She was the implacable foe of usury of every kind. She always branded as sins "crying to Heaven for vengeance" those crimes of modern industry, oppression of the poor and defrauding labourers of their wages. But although her great theologians had elaborated the principles of distributive and social justice, and, although zealous layfolk like Ozanam and great bishops like Ketteler had already begun to expose the evils of godless industrialism, Leo XIII. was the first of Christ's Vicars to attempt, from the lofty and authoritative eminence of the Papal chair, the solution of the social question.

The situation as I have implied was relatively new, although the principles applied were as old as Christianity. The phenomenal growth of industry produced in time that fatal division of society into the Haves and Have-nots,¹ until, in the oft-quoted words of the Encyclical "a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the teeming masses of the labouring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself." This phenomenon appeared and grew to

¹ One result as seen to-day is that only 2¼ million British people, out of 44 million, have incomes that can be taxed; out of these, 96,000 are subject to super-tax and death-duties. The "teeming multitudes" who are not directly taxed, further receive "social services" amounting in cost to 200 million pounds.

maturity almost within the limits of the nineteenth century. From the "revolutionary forties" onwards, Catholic leaders had been trying to correct the crying evils of the Capitalist-Wage System. As indicated above, to France and Germany belongs the honour of having been the first to foresee and to denounce the unChristian perversion of industry. Ozanam who in 1833 shared in the foundation of that flourishing body, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, did much besides by his writings to guide the Catholic thought of France into true views of the place of labour in the social structure. The practical effect of his teaching, developed by later disciples, may be seen to-day in the model industrial concerns established near Lille and Rheims and conducted respectively by the descendants of the founders, Felix Vrau and Léon Harmel. In this country the workers themselves gradually fought their way to better conditions by means of trade-unions and with the encouragement of Christian philanthropists. In speaking mainly of the effects of the Pope's teaching on economics, I must not be supposed to ignore the earnest endeavours to Christianize industry made by other religious bodies in this country: the various pronouncements, for instance, of the Anglican hierarchy.

In Germany, on the other hand, the great social pioneer was a Bishop, William von Ketteler, a member of the nobility yet proud to call himself a friend of the workers. His active apostolate began, even before the unChristian propaganda of Marx and Engels, in the fateful year 1848, and before the end of his career he had elaborated a complete social programme, much of which was adopted by the Catholic Centrum, and some of which is still in advance of our achievements to-day. To this great Bishop, Leo XIII. constantly owned himself indebted. Yet the Pope drew his materials from many sources. In nearly every progressive country eminent Catholics were at work on the question. Liberatore in Italy, Manning and Devas in England, Gibbons in America, Baron von Vogelsang in Austria, Decurtins and Mermillod in Switzerland—to name only a few—had been for long laboriously preparing the soil. The interested reader will find many details regarding this remote preparation in the pages of a recent work, "1891: une Date dans l'histoire des Travailleurs," by Père Georges Guitton, S.J., which itself is carefully compiled from a multitude of more extended records.

Certain events in the New World as well as in the Old

helped to mature in the mind of the Sovereign Pontiff the details of the new social structure which should restore stability and peace to human society, and to suggest the form of their exposition. In 1884 the Bishop of Fribourg, afterwards Cardinal Mermillod, inaugurated an international conference of Catholic experts to study all the aspects of the social question and to discover various points on which the guidance of the supreme moral authority was desirable. Certain interested groups in Germany, France and Italy were represented in this Union de Fribourg, as well as a number of learned "correspondents," and their discussions helped greatly to elucidate the manner in which Catholic principles could be applied to the comparatively novel developments of industry. Their reports were regularly sent to Rome, where a select Papal committee examined and digested them. Nothing was lacking on the theoretical side to secure a profound and exhaustive knowledge of all that bore upon the nature of the industrial society, on the moral character of which the Pontiff was to be asked to pronounce. Moreover, during these years he was brought into immediate contact with large numbers of the working-class by means of pilgrimages from France organized by the great Christian Democrat, Léon Harmel. The latter began, prudently, by conducting to Rome in 1885 a small party of employers, whom the Pope advised to revive as far as possible the old Christian unions of masters and workmen, which seem to many of our day the best solution of our social troubles. Then followed pilgrimages of workfolk, in 1887 and 1888, the latter on an immense scale and spread over six weeks, whose presence gave the Pope an opportunity of exposing in greater detail his remedies for whatever was unjust in the conditions of their work. He insisted especially on the right of combination and on the duty of the State to intervene whenever the employer refused to act justly.

During the same period the question, greatly agitated in the United States, of the ethical status of the "Knights of Labour," a Catholic Society of workers, organized in self-defence against monopolistic Capitalism, made him realize still more clearly what human dignity has to suffer and to fear when exploited by soul-less avarice. Cardinal Gibbons came to Rome to plead the cause of the Knights, and, aided by Cardinal Manning in London, successfully vindicated the right of the oppressed toilers to combine against their

oppressors. We cannot doubt that the great Pope drew inspiration also from the successful intervention of the English Cardinal on behalf of the London dockers in 1889,—a *démarche* which gave abundant occasion for the statement of Christian principles in defiance of "orthodox" economy.

Immediately preceding the issue of the Encyclical, two other public events seem to have had a decided share in its genesis. In 1888, a Catholic Congress at Lille resolved that

the Catholics of the entire world unite in imploring the Sovereign Pontiff to take in hand the great cause of securing justice and protection for the working-classes everywhere, and to convoke an international Congress to settle these grave questions,

and the Pope answered that the project offered "an opportunity of checking the moral poison which flows in the veins of human society." Again, in 1890, the Emperor of Germany strangely enough conceived a similar plan,—an international Conference at Berlin "with the object of bettering the lot of the workers"—solicited the support of the Pope, who gave him his warm approval. This curious anticipation of the aims of the International Labour Office, which is an integral part of the League of Nations and necessary for the accomplishment of its object, seems, whatever else it brought about, to have determined the Pope to delay no longer the appearance of his Encyclical, for he concluded his letter to the Emperor by asserting "that the mission of the Church is to proclaim and to spread through the whole world the principles [of social justice] and to exercise a great and fruitful influence in the solution of social problems," and by announcing his intention of continuing to employ that influence "particularly for the profit of the working-classes."

Accordingly, in May, 1891, appeared the long-heralded Encyclical, "On the Condition of the Working-Classes." It was the Church's challenge, both to the Godless economics of the preceding century and to the Workers' International which sprang from them. It was the remedy proposed by the world's physician for the maladies engendered by unChristian industrialism. It formed the synthesis of the Catholic reaction, during the preceding generations, to the appalling social results of a purely secular outlook in politics and commerce. It summed up clearly and cogently the social teach-

ing of Christianity, which, like its theological dogmas, has generally owed its definite formulation to the presence and prevalence of contrary errors. It was the Catholic answer, complete and compelling, to the pretensions of the Socialist to create Heaven on earth by mere material readjustments. Yet in spite of the expectancy of the Catholic world, in spite of the long years of experience and debate that went to its formation; in spite, moreover, of the chorus of approbation, not only from the working-class but from the enlightened and unprejudiced everywhere, which greeted it, it did not effect any great or immediate change for the better in the conditions which it attacked. The malady has proved too deep-seated and too inveterate to yield to even the most powerful specific. The change of the political heart which gives the League of Nations a certain degree of vitality and a fair prospect of survival, has not been accompanied by a similar change in the economic heart. The social structure is like a building which has got out of plumb through subsidence of a part and needs to be overhauled throughout. Or, again, like a living body whose various organs are strained and abnormal in their working because of the malfunctioning of one of them. Hence the survey of the Encyclical comprehends much more than the relations between Capital and Labour, and because of its very comprehensiveness, demands the longer time for its effective working. The advance has to be made all along the line.

In this work of reconstruction the Pope had, first of all, to demolish the false theories which obscured the lines of the proper foundation. This preliminary operation did not need a prolonged effort, for, already and exhaustively, he had examined and rejected the ideals of human society furnished by the various brands of Socialism. In 1878, he had exposed in two pronouncements the "Evils affecting Modern Society" and "Modern Errors, Socialism, etc.": in 1888 he had, again in two Encyclicals, defined the limits of "Human Liberty," and explained the "Right Ordering of Christian Life": and in 1890, he developed the "Duties of Christian Citizenship." Only a brief reference, therefore, to illusory schemes for social betterment was called for, before he set forth under three main headings the several rôles of the Church, of the State and of the Citizen as Industrialist (Worker or Capitalist) in the properly ordered commonwealth. Nor need we follow in detail here the plan unfolded

by the Pope. "Rerum Novarum" has for generations been a text-book for Catholic social study, and is easily accessible in conveniently annotated editions. Although, as I have said, its immediate effect was disappointing, it has gradually, through the repeated endorsements of succeeding Popes, and through authoritative developments of its doctrine, come to stand for the Catholic ideal of the healthy human community, wherein the rights of God and religion are respected, wherein the family is recognized as the unit and preserved in its rights, wherein property is as widely distributed as possible, wherein a family living wage is the first charge on industry, wherein all forms of usurious dealings are suppressed, wherein liberty of contract and association, and of conscience and worship are secured to all, wherein the weak are protected and the wicked held in check. The Pope is no revolutionary except in so far as he demands a return to a sane Christian life. He admits the inevitability of social differences but insists on Christian charity and mutual regard as the means of sweetening the hardships they involve. He calls in, as every Christian must, the revelation of the world to come, so as to redress the inequalities of human lots and to irradiate with hope the necessary sufferings of the present. The worker who imbibes his principles knows his dignity as a man, and as founder of a family, and takes his part in promoting the welfare of the community, as a real contributor to that prosperity and with an indefeasible right to share in it.

The Encyclical by the mere weight of the truth it teaches has gradually secured the recognition of the evils it denounces and the remedies it calls for. Leo's successors, each and all, have stressed its doctrine in many ways. Pius X., in addition to inserting in the Canon Law the obligation of paying a living wage, reissued from a number of his predecessor's writings the salient points of his social teaching and made them his own. To the same great Pope it fell to correct, in his condemnation of *Le Sillon*, certain excesses of Catholic Democracy. Pope Benedict XV. in 1919, expressly commended "Rerum Novarum"—"the long time that has elapsed since its publication has not weakened its force or diminished its appositeness." Through the Sacred Congregation of the Council, his present Holiness has once again (1929) reaffirmed the advisability of the formation of trade unions and employers' associations, with joint industrial

committees to promote their common welfare. No doubt, on occasion of the pilgrimages from every part of the world which will meet in Rome from the 13th to the 17th of next month, Pope Pius XI. will once more commend the Church's social teaching, which is the teaching of the Gospel, as the only means of restoring the world to health.

The times are so thoroughly out of joint, not only in regard to economics but also in regard to the whole human attitude towards revealed religion, that the Papal insistence on the absolute need of a return to Faith and its practices, if there is to be any real recovery, may seem to many to be hopeless. But Christianity makes so immediately for human welfare in this world as well, that even those who have not entered into its fullness can appreciate its benefits. And to-day in Soviet Russia we have a lurid commentary on the contrary "Gospel," the teaching of Antichrist, which should make even the materialist pause. There, what Manning called "The Four Great Evils of the Day"—viz., the Revolt of the Intellect against God, the Revolt of the Will against God, the Revolt of Society against God, and the Spirit of Antichrist—are producing for the instruction of the world their awful yet logical fruits—slavery, moral corruption, disease, destitution and despair. The sound and reasonable teaching of "Rerum Novarum," put into practice, is our one hope of avoiding a similar abyss of misery.

JOSEPH KEATING.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE LAST OF THE HALES.

THIS is, perhaps, a very meagre record; yet it is one worthy of preservation, for it tells of the Faith zealously guarded and adhered to, of an obedience absolute and unquestioning, and both under great personal difficulties in the lean winter years of the nineteenth century.

Mary Barbara Felicité Hales was born at Boulogne on the fourth of December, 1835, but being an important person, to wit an heiress, she was brought over that self-same day to be baptized in her own parish church of St. Stephen, just outside the lodge gates of the house of her ancestors in the county of Kent. She was the last of her family who bore their name.

An illustrious and withal tragic race it was indeed, its roots deep-set in English history. It is suggested that it took its name from the town of Hales in Norfolk, but had early bestowed it upon Hales Place near Canterbury in the county of Kent. From the first, the family knew honours and tragedies in almost equal proportions. Sir Robert Hales, in the days of the third Edward, was Knight Prior of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem and Admiral of the North parts of England, but met a violent death by the axe after the Wat Tyler affair when Richard the Second was reigning. They seem to have been in favour with the Tudors, for a Sir John Hales was acting steward for the Abbey of St. Augustine at Canterbury, later one of the Controllers of the King's Household and, from 1523-1529, Baron of the Exchequer to Henry the Eighth. Sir John's great-grandson, Edward Hales, having received the honour of Knighthood, was created a Baronet (E) on June 29, 1611, with this curious preamble to his patent—that he was to have a "cap of honour," a "golden coronet," a "golden rod, etc." The remainder of the dignity, failing his male issue, was to his brothers, John and Charles. Misled by a false idea of freedom, he insulted his ancestry by fighting against his King in the Civil Wars, but this blot on the family honour was redeemed by his grandson, another Sir Edward, who risked his life for the imprisoned Charles at Carisbrooke. This devoted Royalist's son, again an Edward, the third Baronet, was brought up a Protestant, but was early convinced of the truth of the Catholic Faith by Obadiah Walker, under whose care he was at Oxford. He thought it better to conceal the fact of his conversion until the accession of King

James the Second, who dispensed him from the Oath of Supremacy, made him one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Deputy Governor of the Cinque Ports, and Lieutenant Governor of the Tower of London. His prosperity was short-lived, for he was soon to share his master's sufferings. Sole attendant of James on his memorable flight of December 12, 1688, when he threw the Great Seal into the Thames, he was, on his return to London, confined in the Tower by the usurper, William of Orange, for a year and a half. His loyalty, however, was incurable. He was at La Hogue, ready to embark for England, when James the Second made his final attempt to regain his Kingdom.

In consideration of his services, James, in exile, on May 3 1692, created him Baron Hales of Emley, Co. Kent, Viscount Tunstall, and Earl of Tenderden (E). He was buried in the church of St. Sulpice, Paris. "He was scrupulously just in all his dealings, regular in his habits, and remarkably charitable to those in distress." In his Will he left £5,000 to be disposed of according to his instructions by Bishop Bonaventure Gifford and Doctor Thomas Witham.

There were many children. The eldest son, Edward, was slain at the Battle of the Boyne, fighting like his ancestors in the Stuart Cause. It was thus the second son, Sir John, who succeeded. His first wife was Helen, daughter of Sir Richard Bealing of Ireland, Secretary to the Queen Dowager of Charles the Second; his second, another Helen, daughter of Dudley Bagnal of Newry in the Kingdom of Ireland, died in 1737. Sir John lived quietly at Hackington, otherwise St. Stephen's, and on one occasion, in the year 1742, entertained Bishop Challoner at the house which his father had built in Charles the Second's time. George the Second offered to make him a peer, but Sir John insisted on the Jacobite titles granted to his father by the Second James, and these, of course, were not allowed. Of his two sons by his first wife, the elder, Viscount Tunstall, married Mrs. Bulstode, relict of Captain Bulstode,¹ and granddaughter of Sir Edward Bulstode, Knt. (who died at St. Germain, France, October, 1711, aged 102), and ended his days in Canterbury gaol, 1729, whilst the younger, John, died a bachelor. Edward's son, again an Edward, fifth Baronet and third Earl of Tenderden, married firstly in or before 1758, Barbara Mabella, daughter and heir of John Webb, son and heir to Sir John Webb, third Baronet of Hatherop; by his second wife he had no children. He pulled down the old mansion, and in its stead built the house which has so lately vanished from the earth. He left one son and three daughters; the son, of course an Edward, sixth Baronet and fourth Earl of Tenderden of the creation of James the Second, died at Hales Place in 1829, in his seventy-second year, when all

¹ Bulstrode seems to be the earlier spelling of the name.

the titles became extinct; one of the sisters became a nun of the Holy Sepulchre at Liège; the other two married French officers, Lady Barbara, the elder, a gentleman of the name of de Jouchère, but Lady Mary, whose married name was de Merlin-court, took the name of Hales on the death of her brother in 1829.

This lady's granddaughter was the Mary Barbara Felicité Hales, with whom we are here concerned.

This young lady seems to have grown up in an atmosphere of opposition. She conceived, it appears, a steadfast antagonism against her French relatives, an unfortunate failing as it turned out, for later it may be said to have altered the whole course of her life. She was at war with her mother too, because of a wish on the daughter's part to enter Religion; and she showed she had a will of her own by entering a Carmelite convent in Paris directly she came of age, and very much to Lady Mary's displeasure. It is curious how the possession of wealth seems to have been a thorn in Miss Hales's flesh even from the first. Before she was professed, her worldly wealth must be disposed of; she had already given generously to the convent, but unfortunately she was still a lady of property. So before there had been time for the cloister to set her scale of values right and show her the pettiness of personal hostilities, there came one day to her retreat a lawyer's clerk, bearing papers according to the tenor of which the heiress would leave the remainder of her wealth to those same, unloved French relatives.

Even so, all might have been well, the papers signed, and the novice left to her prayers, had not the clerk been an Englishman, jealous for what he thought his country-woman's rights. Scrutinizing that determined young face beneath the white veil, he demanded to know whether she signed these documents of her own free will. The question seemed to awake ancient grudges, and, pen poised ready, Mary Barbara Felicité answered him sturdily: No. Then cried the clerk: "I am an Englishman, and won't see this done." And snatching up the, as yet, unsigned papers, he took an unceremonious departure, leaving the Prioress and the nuns behind the grille in blissful ignorance that they had in their midst a novice who still retained the ownership of large possessions.

A few days later, seemingly untroubled by this fact, and worldly possessions banished from a serenely exalted mind, Mary Barbara Felicité was professed, joyfully made her vows, and settled down in earnest to her life of prayer.

But she was still an heiress; moreover she was still as passionately English as that officious clerk. So when the whisperings of a Second Spring in her beloved land reached her ears, she seems to have turned to thoughts of her possessions in her

desire to render some service both to her Church and to her country. The Prioress was informed of the true state of affairs; with the result that one fateful day these two left the convent to make a journey into England, where, in the grounds of Hales Place, she, the last of the family to bear that illustrious name, purposed to build a convent to the Glory of God.

But news of her coming had reached the ears of Dr. Grant, first Bishop of Southwark, and his lordship lost no time in writing to Pius the Ninth, explaining the anomalous case of a professed nun who still had the disposal of not inconsiderable wealth. So it came about that the astonished young Carmelite received, in the midst of her building, a summons to the Vatican, whither she travelled in complete ignorance of what this command might mean, under the care of a Benedictine of Ramsgate Priory, Dom Fitzherbert Palmer. Surely now with all her heart she must have regretted that meddling clerk and hesitant pen, must have repented her of any resentment against her French relatives, when the verdict fell upon her appalled ears that no longer could she live the life she had chosen.

She could do more good, gently insisted His Holiness, by living a quiet life in the world, and thereupon he offered to release her from her vows. To her, although she bowed to this decision as to the expression of the Divine Will, it must have been terribly like a sentence of death. The generous and almost unheard-of privileges which Pius heaped upon her for her consolation, must have seemed barren enough, splendid though they were, when their price was her Vocation. She was allowed to retain the Vow of Chastity (he might have included the other two as well, for she could never give greater proof of her obedience than in this, and poverty was to come in due time); she was to have the Blessed Sacrament permanently at Hales Place, a resident chaplain, Exposition on the first Friday and the tenth of each month, Benediction daily during May, the services of Holy Week, and permission to touch and wash the sacred vessels herself. When she left the City, it was with hands full of relics (one of the True Cross, now at Kingsbridge, Devon), but probably with a heart as heavy as that of the young man of great possessions, though for a directly opposite cause.

The remaining span of her forty-nine years, was passed in an extraordinarily gallant attempt to live as a Religious in the world. Her hardships and difficulties, spiritual and material, can only be dimly imagined. The anxieties which money always brings, came upon her now in full blast; she was singularly ill-fitted to manage her own affairs and there was no one apparently to help her. She was generous, perhaps too much so, in her alms for religious causes. How she came into the hands of money-lenders is unknown, but in the end her fortune was swallowed up in paying

exorbitant interest. Meanwhile, at first, she had the companionship of two or three Benedictine nuns, who, coming from Italy for the purpose of founding a house of stricter observance, occupied for some while one wing of her great bare mansion. But the tiny community did not flourish, and soon removed to Tenby and eventually to Fort Augustus. After this the exiled ex-Carmelite had only her maids, in black dresses and veils, to watch with her in her faithful vigils in the beautiful chapel where the Sanctuary lamp burned day and night. A visit she paid about 1881—2 to the Franciscan convent at Taunton is still remembered by an aged lay sister there who, in the year 1929, was in her ninety-fifth year. Miss Hales was accompanied by two Benedictines from Ramsgate, one of whom was Dom John Luck, her confessor; the other seemed to be in charge of her numerous papers. Her amusements were her dogs, which she dearly loved and kept in large numbers, and that exquisite church embroidery which may still be seen in some of the vestments at Taunton, which her growing poverty obliged her to sell.

Her release from a life of very peculiar struggles and gallantry came on April 18, 1885. She died at Sarre Court, near Ramsgate, in almost abject poverty.

For a quarter of a century after she left, the old mansion once more housed a religious community, when some French Jesuits, exiled from France, bought it in August, 1880, for £24,000. (The famous collection of china, plate, pictures, and furniture had been sold a few months before.) The fathers had here a College, Novitiate, and House of Studies. But after the War they returned whence they had come, and in 1928, the whole property, including the glorious chapel after the design of Pugin, and all that it contained, came under the ruthless hammer of the auctioneer. The High Altar went to the new church at Dulwich, the Lady Altar and the pulpit to Margate, but the house itself, and the chapel met their fate at the hands of the house-breaker. It seemed surely that poor Mary Barbara Felicité's material misfortunes extended to the very stones of her ancestral mansion.

It seems a sad story, though its heroine would probably have been amazed and even indignant at hearing it called so. She had desired obscurity, and had found it, though of a different kind to that she had sought in the convent at Paris. Her's was the harder task; but her life proclaims her to have been one who sought only and in all things to do the Will of God.

J. LANE.

THE SO-CALLED LATINISM OF THE CHURCH.

THE perversion of patriotism called "Nationalism" has been from the first opposed to the Catholicity of the Church. From St. Paul, who told the Romans and the Galatians and the Colossians that race, sex, status and culture were all obliterated by incorporation in Christ, to Pope Benedict XV. who, when founding a separate Congregation for the Eastern Church in 1917, declared "that the Church of Christ Jesus is neither Latin nor Greek nor Slavonic but Catholic," and that "all without distinction, Latins or Greeks or Slavs or whatever other nation, hold the same position in the eyes of the Apostolic See," the Church centred in Rome has maintained her commission and claim to teach and rule all nations, in virtue of the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. Hence those who deny her Catholicity are always trying to identify her with, and confine her to, some definite region or race. Anglicans speak condescendingly of her as "the great Church of the West" and the Orthodox bodies would gladly, in spite of her nineteen different "rites," restrict her to one, the Latin. This *idée fixe*, indeed, is one main obstacle in the mind of the schismatic East to reunion with Rome. National prejudice, based on tendentious history, bars the way. "If they could forget the past," writes an Anglican, Dr. Kidd, "there is no reason why they should not heal their differences with Rome, and unite." Accordingly, it behoves members of the Latin rite to disclaim, in season and out of season, any purpose or even tendency to limit Catholicity in any sense to the immediate subjects of the Western patriarch, although these are found all over the earth. The difficulty is a very real one for the Easterns, as Père Charles Bourgeois recently pointed out in *La Nouvelle Revue Théologique* (June 1930). The following is taken in part from what he writes on the subject.

It was the original schismatic leaders, of course, Photius (in the ninth century) and Michael Cerularius (in the eleventh) who started the historic falsehood that the Church of Rome was merely the Latin Church, a local community, alien in spirit and tradition to the Church of the East; but that falsehood is repeated to this day. A modern Russian writer, in a collection of articles called "Rome and Latinism," begins by saying—"We do not call the Church of the West 'Catholic,' because that word would mean that she was universal, but 'Latin,' since Latinism is her characteristic stamp," and the writer goes on to say that the Western Church is 'Romano-Latin,' not only in speech, but also in virtue of having inherited the rights of the Roman Empire. Her spirit, her essential idea, is Roman; hence, the [so-called] Catholic Church is predominantly the Church of the Latin peoples,

since she expresses wholly the Roman culture, the creative Roman genius.

This objection is plausible enough to merit careful and sympathetic consideration. From the Church which St. Peter founded in Rome, Catholicism has spread all over the world, and the Latin rite, with all its traditions, theological, philosophical, ascetic, liturgical, canonical, architectural, artistic, has been accepted without difficulty by every variety of people, because they have known no other presentation of Christianity and because the Latin culture is broad and flexible enough to be adapted to national differences without losing its essential features. Thus it has been able to survive, although it has never acquiesced in, that practical separation of the secular and the religious which now marks "Western" culture. But in the nations served by the Eastern Churches, at least until the *bouleversement* of the Great War, the old Christian association of ecclesiastical with civil life still colours their mind. Their "culture" centres round religion; their year is divided liturgically; their feasts are all Church feasts. Hence, no doubt, a highly developed particularism which accentuates national peculiarities, and results, pushed to an extreme, in the un-Christian phenomenon of "autocephalous" national Churches. But, however distorted by historical circumstances, this culture and these traditions in themselves have just as much right to exist as those of the Latin rite; a fact which the Popes have been emphatic in recognizing, as they have been correspondingly keen in denouncing attempts to exalt the Latin rite over those of the East or to impose it on converted schismatics.

We have described in these pages more than once the continued endeavours of the Holy See to break down this inveterate prejudice on the part of the East,¹ but it will take time, patience and prayer to convince the dissident Orthodox masses of the right intentions and good will of those whom they have been taught to regard as hereditary enemies. The existence of no less than eighteen variant rites, most of them corresponding to their own yet regarded as of equal standing with the Latin, within the bosom of Catholicism, must surely convince them ultimately that their ancestral culture has nothing to fear from Latin intransigence, whilst they themselves have everything to gain from association with the centre of unity.

Hitherto, we have summarized very briefly one section of Père Bourgeois' remarkable paper. One suggestion—it is little more than a hint—concerning language, however, seems to need qualification. He instances the practice of the Orthodox, in their rare missionary efforts, of translating their liturgy into the tongue of the peoples they hope to evangelize, as SS. Cyril

¹ See especially, "The Oriental Institute in Rome," *THE MONTH*, Jan. 1924.

and Methodius did when they set about converting the Slavs, and insinuates that missionary progress in China and India is hampered because Latin is looked upon as a European language. We should like more evidence of this alleged fact. The very spread of the Church herself has made the old tongue of Rome as Catholic as the Church. Latin is now no more European than it is American or African or, indeed, Asiatic. The Japanese, for example, might well object to a liturgy in Greek or Slavonic but not to one clothed in a tongue which, in time and space, is virtually concurrent with civilization. If Greece had a large share in moulding the mentality of Christendom, it was Rome that ultimately fixed its expression.

J.K.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

India not
a
Party Issue.

Ever since the Round Table, all-party, Conference on the future government of India came to an agreement that that country had a right to an equal status with the other members of the British Commonwealth, and that some sort of a Federal constitution best suited its needs, efforts have been made to detach the Conservative party from that agreement, on the score that it involved a "surrender" of British rights, and would inevitably lead to the disruption of the Commonwealth. A detached observer, who has only peace founded on justice at heart, may rejoice that responsible authorities have successfully resisted the attempt to make that vast community once more the sport of British electoral issues and the vicissitudes of party. It is surely obvious that the Indian question, the evolution of which has been so rapid, must be definitely settled, and that no settlement can possibly be arrived at with the Indian peoples, which has not the support of all sections of the English Parliament. In this ultimate matter concerning their mutual status, nation must treat with nation. Those, therefore, who fancy that India can go on being "ruled" as it was in the days of their grandfathers, have forgotten a great deal of history, ancient as well as recent. To look only at the developments since the war, in 1919, the Government of India Bill, implementing the Montagu-Chelmsford Report of the previous year, stated in its preamble that "it is the declared policy of Parliament to provide for the increasing association of Indians in every branch of Indian Administration, and for the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in British India as an integral part of

the Empire"—i.e., more shortly, that "British India" should have Home Rule as soon as convenient. Presumably as a step in this direction, India, in that same year, was admitted, with other Dominions, as one of the foundation members of the League of Nations. Further, in 1921, the Royal instructions to the Viceroy urged the latter to further the realization of that object by every suitable means, and, subsequently, by way of expediting matters, the Simon (non-party) Commission was sent out by the Conservatives early in 1928, and reported voluminously, in May of last year, in favour of an all-India Federation as the goal to be aimed at. Finally, the Round Table Conference, which lacked, it is true, the adhesion of a section of Indian opinion, has definitely united the Native States with the rest of India in a demand for a Federal Constitution within the Commonwealth. In these circumstances, the least the Conservative leader could do when the results of this Conference were before Parliament last January, was to declare on behalf of his party that, when in power—"we shall have only one duty and that one duty is to try to implement, so far as we can, what has been done in the Conference."

**The
"Press Lords."**

This pledged agreement, statesmanlike, if inevitable in the circumstances just detailed, did not please some of Mr. Baldwin's followers, but no serious opposition would have been felt, if two "Press Peers," one of whom boasts that he "controls" 20,000,000 newspaper issues, had not taken occasion to assert that the Conservative leader, on this and other counts, was unfit to lead. This, of course, is not the first occasion when this unconstitutional influence claimed to have the chief say in the formation of Governments. In June of last year a letter of Lord Rothermere's was published, wherein he announced that, unless Mr. Baldwin, when returned to power, guaranteed that his (Lord Rothermere's) particular policies were adopted and, moreover, that he had a veto on the appointment of eight or ten members of the new ministry, he would oppose him in all his papers: "no appeals will be listened to from any quarter." The same surprising assumption of extra-constitutional power is being still advanced, and the public has to face the question how legislation can be framed so as to keep within due bounds the irresponsible activities of a few newspaper magnates, without infringing the proper liberty of the Press. Otherwise Parliament may lose what measure of influence is left to it, and the nation's destinies be swayed, even more than they are, by a few men of wealth who have monopolized the (so-called) organs of public opinion. There is little in the careers of Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere to recommend their political sagacity, and their present retrograde views in regard to India should diminish still more their political

credit. Hitherto they have been able to do little harm, but we have no guarantee that the instrument in their hands will not some day be used to engineer a disastrous war-scare, or to advocate some measure harmful to true religion. No State should tolerate in its midst the presence of immense power without corresponding responsibility.

Long Views
on
India.

Of all political questions, this of India is least suited for newspaper polemics and personalities of the hustings. One of the "Press Lords" lately filled his pages, day by day, with various pictures of Mahatma Gandhi, whose appearance, it must be owned, is to Western eyes extremely unprepossessing. Obviously, this was a mean appeal to prejudice of race and colour, unworthy of a decent paper. Moreover, the Viceroy was blamed and derided for negotiating with "a half-naked fanatic,"—another touch of petty insularity, for what does the man's attire matter if he is a plenipotentiary? Another "Die-hard," writing to the *Daily Mail* (March 9th), is so far out of harmony with modern mentality as to explain, "We are in India by conquest: it is no use burking the fact"—and he implies that the conqueror has the right to impose his will on his "subjects." It is strange to find these mediæval notions still surviving, and appeals being made to the "right" of conquest, which is simply the ethics of the burglar, operating on a large scale. It is also strange that there are educated men still so limited in their historical knowledge as to fancy that the British rule in India is universally recognized as having always been actuated by pure benevolence. The educated Indian, who has read his Burke and his Macaulay, as well as modern historians who tell the truth, is very tired of this picture of the Western invader as a civilizing force, reducing savages to order, and bringing to them the graces and amenities of life. India was highly civilized when Northern Europeans ran about in skins. In India the industrial and liberal arts were cultivated to great perfection when these islands were not far from savagery. It was the prodigious wealth of India which first attracted adventurers from Britain, and for two centuries and a half the East India Company, by fair means and foul, drew that wealth incessantly into its own coffers and left the country stripped and starved. We have to own that European intervention in India—for France and Holland had a share in exploiting the land—was characterized from the first by many acts of oppression. Therefore, it is futile to try to judge present conditions, and to understand the mentality of the educated classes there, without having, as they have, that shameful past constantly in mind, and without taking, as far as possible, an unbiassed and outside view of the whole character of the British connection.

Free from British prejudice, nay, very possibly prejudiced in the other direction, French and German and American observers have yet written many studies of Indian history which afford valuable correctives to purely British views, and help to explain what seems to many in this country the ingratitude of the Indians. Why do these latter want to abolish the paramount Power, which has developed the country by irrigation and drainage, railways, roads and bridges, has maintained peace for centuries between its discordant components, has established schools and hospitals, taught hygiene and fought epidemics, and in many other ways promoted the country's welfare? No adequate answer can be found, if history is ignored.

**The Indian Demand
Just
and Natural.**

For the first time in history, as we have said, the Native States, comprising two-fifths of the whole of India, have proclaimed their solidarity with the rest, and it is now possible to speak of "Indian" aspirations, etc., with some degree of accuracy. The educated Indian, claiming to represent an older, if not a higher, civilization than the Western, is no longer content with a subordinate national status and deeply resents the merciless exploitation to which his country has been subjected in the past, and the alien rule which to-day represents its former oppressors. It does not need Bolshevik agitation, though that is not lacking, to inspire and fan that resentment. Outside the stock philippics of Burke and Macaulay, there may be found in the works of English (as well as of foreign) writers a sustained indictment of British rule in India, which is not all inspired by "little Englandism" and which, in any case, the Indian reader has not the means of properly appraising. Between the "Jingo," overstressing British rights, and the "international" exaggerating Indian wrongs, the Indian finds grounds enough for demanding in future a real control of his own destinies. The learned and kindly Editor of *The Catholic World* (March, 1931), feeling bound to rebut a charge, brought against the American Press, of being unfairly anti-British, has made a selection of English views of Britain's relations with India, which shows that American strictures are often justified out of English mouths. On the "Jingo" side, there is an earlier quotation from the speaker whom we have above called a "Die-hard," which shows that he is, at least, consistent. He is reported as saying: "I know it is said at Missionary meetings that we conquered India to raise the level of the Indians. That is cant. We conquered India as an outlet for the goods of Great Britain. We conquered India by the sword, and by the sword we should hold it. . . We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general, and for Lancashire cotton goods in particular."

India
for Indians
First.

On the other hand, a writer, representing the opposite extreme, is quoted (from the *New Statesman*, November 7, 1919), as declaring—"We went into India to exploit her wealth. We succeeded to the extent of impoverishing her—making her starved, unhappy, uneducated. We have sucked the blood from her veins, and scored the flesh from her bones, and having done this, in our comfortable jargon we allude to our 'Indian problem.' "

Accordingly, we have both the "Jingo" and the "little Englander" asserting that India has been administered mainly for English advantage, and so what there is of public opinion in that immense community is determined that that must stop. Hence, the quite natural endeavour to create and stimulate home industries—an endeavour, be it noted, common to all other Dominions—against which the "Press Lords" and their following so protest. As recently as March, 1917, the cotton interests in this country tried, but in vain, to get Parliament to forbid an increase in the Indian cotton import duties, asking, in effect, that Indian industries should be crippled for the advantage of English manufacturers. As *The Times* remarked, this was the expression of "our old conception of the Empire as a source of profit for England." As we see, that conception has not been abandoned here, but it will no longer be tolerated in India.

Public Opinion
in
India.

We have suggested that "public opinion" is not very wide-spread in India: the fact being that the great majority of the population is, politically speaking, in a state of infancy. Let us recall the astounding size of that population: in that comparatively small Asian peninsula are crowded as many human beings as exist in North and South America and Africa combined. And the Indians are predominantly rural: some 226 millions of them live in 488,527 self-contained villages under a primitive patriarchal rule. Society there is further broken up into mutually exclusive groups owing to the operation of the caste system. And the general illiteracy,—nearly 300 millions are unable to read or write—whilst not necessarily implying a low intelligence, further removes the people from the influence of mass suggestion by a vernacular press. Only between 2 and 3 millions know the English language. Finally, despite an appalling death-rate, the population increases by about 2 million a year. Accordingly, India's demand for self-government, India's political activity in any direction, is confined to the educated few who are, nevertheless, justified in speaking for the dumb and ignorant multitudes of their fellows by the fact that what they ask for is a natural right, not to be denied to any national community that is capable of exercising

it. It is for those same intellectuals to give proof that they can fulfil the functions of government—preserve order, administer justice, respect human rights, protect the weak—before they assume responsibility for the welfare of millions of helpless folk. Even the warmest advocate of "Dominion status" for India must recognize that progress towards that goal must needs be gradual and indeed slow. But, as the Commonwealth is now committed to that ideal, all its members should unite in making its realization secure and complete.

**The Church
and
India.**

Those who believe in the Incarnation as the supreme revelation of God to man, intended to restore fallen humanity to its original destiny, and to show the only way in which human life

can be properly conducted, know that, whatever political advance India makes, it will never be thoroughly civilized until it accepts and practises the one true religion, Christianity. A converted Brahmin, Father Balam, S.J., explained to our readers in December why, in spite of efforts continued for centuries, Christianity had made so little progress in India. The educated Indian, since the disruption of Christendom, has learned it from so many different and divergent sources, that for the most part he has no adequate or consistent knowledge of the Faith. He has been taught more heresy than truth. The work of the original Catholic missions, associated with the Spanish and Portuguese, was all but destroyed by successive invasions, and since then, Catholic teaching, handicapped by want of material resources, has been further obscured by a multitude of zealous competitors, putting before their bewildered hearers a variety of man-made creeds. Hence, Father Balam concludes, the Hindu, speaking generally, knows Christ, but only from the outside, not as God and Saviour: "to know Christ, yet not to love Him in the only way He deserves to be loved, this is the tragedy of educated India, which no political evolution can make good." Sombre words, and calculated to discourage, but, happily, not a final verdict.

**The Church no less
Eastern
than Western.**

Lately, Archbishop Goodier, S.J., whose knowledge of Indian conditions is very great, explained to a London audience that the influence of the Catholic Church in India is not to be wholly measured by its scanty membership, some 2½ millions. For, a very great number of educated Hindus have passed through Catholic colleges, where they have learned, not the Faith, since that may not be taught them directly, but a real respect for the ideals of Catholicity and a real affection for its professors. This is bound to have effect in the long run, for the Catholic Faith, as thus understood, is seen to transcend nationality, and to be in

no way alien to the mind of the East. Again, according to another Catholic observer on the spot, a member of the Brahmin convert community of Trichinopoly, who has been good enough to write to us, the "political evolution" of India is calculated to emphasize the essential universality of the Church, since, once Western domination has disappeared, her clergy will no longer feel bound to maintain the external marks of Western culture, as expressed, for instance, in dress. After noting that the religious influence of the Protestant sects is discounted by their manifest connection with the alien governing class, their married clergy and their somewhat secular ways, he points out that Catholic missionaries create *pro tanto* something of the same impression, by wearing European dress and equipping even the Indian clerical students and priests in like fashion. But when India becomes self-governing, then, apart from their liturgical attire, there will be no point in the Catholic clergy retaining all the customs or the costumes of a bygone regime, and the "intelligentzia" will then be under no temptation to regard the Church as something foreign. This argument of Mr. J. Sundaram Vincent illustrates one possible effect, at any rate, of India's political development. The success of the policy of the Holy See in furthering the formation of a wholly indigenous clergy marks ecclesiastically a parallel advance.

**A Triumph
of
Common Sense.**

Largely through the efforts of the British Foreign Secretary, and also, let us hope, through the workings of their own common sense, the dispute regarding naval preponderance between France and Italy has been settled, with the happy result that now the London Naval Agreement of January, 1930, can embrace the Five Powers originally concerned, and preparations for a real combined reduction of armaments, in 1932, can go forward with more prospect of success. The importance of success on that occasion can hardly be exaggerated. Slowly and against much opposition, some sincere, some merely selfish, some really wicked, the nations have erected treaty-barriers against war, but the material preparations for war, keeping alive fear, suspicion, and resentment, have seen little abatement. Until it is realized that security cannot be obtained without universal reduction of armaments and that, therefore, to make disarmament depend upon security, obtained Heaven knows how, is wholly unreasonable, this strange procedure in a world longing for peace will unhappily continue. It is now universally agreed that international fear expressed in competing armaments was the main cause of the Great War, yet the combined wisdom of the Powers is aiming at security from war by the very means which have hitherto produced it. It is not fear of Russia but fear of each other that pre-

vents the late Allies from disarming. France and Italy would have little to fear from Russian aggression, but no one takes it amiss that Germany, which would have much, is compelled to remain undefended. We see no reason why nations which have formally renounced war and the threat of war as a diplomatic weapon, should wait till next February before cutting down their superfluous forces; especially as armaments in their present form—multitudes of men and mechanized means of destruction by land and sea—will be really superfluous, if war is ever again to scourge humanity. Infected water and poisoned air, and the indiscriminate bombing of enemy cities will be much more effectual than the comparatively restrained and humane methods of 1914—18. We hope that foreign nations will note that this country, although only fifth in first-line air strength amongst the Powers, has decreased its Air Force expenditure since 1925, whilst that of France has grown by about 135 per cent, that of Italy by 40 per cent and that of America, the most secure of any nation from effective attack, and by profession the least aggressive, by nearly 160 per cent. If the world wants a “gesture” to prove our sincerity in the pursuit of peace, here it is.

**False and
True
Pacifism.**

Because universal peace, for their own ends and by their own methods, is one aim of the Communists, because Soviet Russia has proposed (in 1927), not merely the reduction, but the abolition of armaments, certain self-styled realists oppose this most salutary and necessary object as playing into the hands of the subverters of Christian civilization. It is the old story of the extremists damaging the credit of rational movements. We regret to find M. Paul Bourget, according to the *Osservatore Romano* (February 4th), ranking himself amongst the opponents of the League of Nations and quoting Bossuet's description of the soldier as “one of the most precious elements of the social body,” so as to justify his opposition. One is reminded of Ruskin's eulogy of war as chief inspirer of the Fine Arts—not the wisest of that great thinker's pronouncements. It is time, we think, that responsible Catholics paid more heed to the clear and emphatic teaching of Rome on the subject of true pacifism. In his Christmas Eve address the Pope stressed “the need of a better social and international order inspired by greater justice and Christian charity” and called for “a fraternal collaboration between divers classes and peoples, universally beneficial, instead of strife and callous, uncontrolled competition hurtful to all, which, in a time not far distant, must end disastrously.” Unless Catholic forces everywhere combine to correct these sinister influences the world may again drift into war. One detestable government preaches war incessantly, trying to instil into its youth the belief

that the whole non-Soviet world is arming for the destruction of Russia. But apart from this diabolical propaganda, there is growing up in every nation a "Nazi" element, embodying what the Pope calls "a hard and egotistical nationalism, instead of a true and genuine love of country." It is rife in Germany, but is happily under the express ban of the Church: it grew to a head in France until the spiritual power, there also, suppressed, as far as loyal Catholics were concerned, the truculent Action Française. With a wave of his hand, prudently withheld, the Premier of Italy could arouse it in Fascist Italy where the cult of the State has been pushed to un-Christian extremes. Unless Catholics the whole world over actively and persistently oppose this spirit it will prevail to the world's downfall, for it is the antithesis of Christianity, which is the world's salvation.

**Dissent
and the
Dual System.**

It is to be hoped that the revelation of the extent to which Dissent has been, and is, "on the rates" and the taxes, will stop the mouths of those bigots who continue to oppose the Catholic demand for justice for Catholic schools. In 1880-81 Nonconformists had 1,992 State-and-rate-aided schools: in 1929-30 they have still 401 such unprovided schools—a notable diminution, caused by the fact that they find the religion taught in the provided schools quite good enough for them and, therefore, think it a waste of money to maintain separate schools of their own. The State supplies them with educational facilities which satisfy their consciences, but they are unwilling that the conscientious demands of other citizens should be similarly recognized. The blinding effect of bigotry could not be better exemplified than by Dr. Griffith Jones's description of these demands as "the insatiable hunger of the Roman Catholic hierarchy for ecclesiastical privilege," and their satisfaction as "a complete Catholic educational endowment in Protestant England." There is something Satanic in the hatred shown by these hot-gospellers for the Catholic Faith, the maintenance and growth of which in England appear in their eyes "as the attacks of a recrudescence Romanism." By what Protestant principle, we wonder, is conscientious adherence to a particular form of Christianity forbidden? Why should not Catholics increase and multiply in England, a country which, if it merits any religious epithet, is as much Catholic as Protestant? The Free Churches seem to have forgotten of what spirit they used to claim to be. Let them digest the patent fact that a country of mixed religions cannot have a uniform system of education, for when the State replaces the parent in providing education, it must respect his religious convictions, and true education without religion is an impossibility.

**Anti-Christian
Attacks.**

Some years ago a novelist, "Guy Thorne," made a certain impression on the reading public by describing in a book called *When it was Dark* (it reached a circulation of 500,000!), the reaction of the Christian world to the supposed discovery of an authentic document, proving that Christ's Resurrection did not really take place, but that the disciples did actually "take Him away." The result, as far as we remember, was the utter overthrow of faith and morality in all those whose belief in Christianity was based solely on the authenticity and truth of the Scripture record. This imaginary *débâcle* is recalled to-day by the effect of the publication by Dr. Robert Eisler, an Austrian Jew, of what purports to be an account of the career and character of Christ drawn mainly from an ancient Russian translation of Josephus, and, though familiar to scholars for some years—Dr. Arendzen discusses it in his *Men and Manners in the Days of Christ*,—only lately made current knowledge in this country through an English version. The "stunt" press, careless of anything but sensation, has broadcast with all possible emphasis this travesty of the Gospel record, with the result, we are happy to say, that Catholic Ireland has, to a large extent, boycotted, let us hope permanently, one of those offending papers. Catholics here regard this dubiously reconstructed text, which even if the document were authentic would merely reveal that Josephus was more bitterly anti-Christian than his accepted works show him to have been, with indifference, but the press exploitation of it with abhorrence. Still, outside our ranks there was little reaction to this newspaper "stunt," for, outside our ranks, there is left little faith, either in the Gospels or in the Divinity of Him whose life they depict. "The dethronement of the Bible," as Father Rickaby well remarks,¹ "has followed the dethronement of the priest. Arnold took away the watch dogs and, to guard the house, he left the kennel." One has only to read the Scripture Commentary associated with the name of Bishop Gore, to realize how rationalism has sucked away the blood and substance of Protestant Christianity and left only a dried husk. Accordingly, various non-Catholic critics, impressed by the anti-Christian account of Christian origins contained in Dr. Eisler's two large volumes, are seemingly quite prepared to abandon the Gospels. In the course of a two column review in *The Observer* (March 15th), headed "Dr. Eisler's Bombshell," the Editor of *The Hibbert Journal*, Principal Jacks, who ranks as a foremost religious leader, confesses that he thinks that "Dr. Eisler has a strong case." And so, of course, will the next "German scholar" have, who manages to exhume some new document, attacking orthodox Christianity. As the late Mr. Mallock long ago pointed out, the Christianity which depends

¹ See THE MONTH, Jan., 1902: "Arnold and Newman."

upon a sacred but silent Book, unable to authenticate or defend itself, will always be at the mercy of some new and plausible theorist. With all respect to Bishop Gore, "the final judgment in biblical science" does *not* rest with the historical critic, but with the living and infallible Church which created the New Testament and ratified the Old.

**Tactics
of
the Trade.**

The fact that a motion to establish Prohibition in this country was actually proposed in the House of Commons on February 13th, and found, not only a seconder but eighteen supporters, need cause the advocates of Temperance reform no great anxiety. So irrational a project has no chance of acceptance, even in a nation so "regulated" by the State as we have become. We are glad that the President of the United Kingdom Alliance, who supported the Bill, declared that that body, which stands for Prohibition, has never contemplated its imposition on an unwilling nation. At the same time, he advocated Local Option which, as generally understood, embodies local Prohibition, and that, even by a bare majority. So the President would not scruple to impose Prohibition on an unwilling regional minority. We have often said that State Prohibition is justified only if practically all the people want it. Unless Local Prohibition is similarly desired it is not a fair policy. On the other hand, although the country has become more temperate, there is still reason, as every parish priest and curate knows, for combined effort to check the ravages of excessive drinking. In this time of unparalleled depression, it would seem that the breweries alone are able to declare large and increasing dividends. From a table published by *The Economist* we find those dividends ranging from 15 per cent to 35 per cent, and there is evidence that this prosperity is due to an intensive effort on the part of the 'drink-traders.' We find quoted in the *Observer* for February 15th, from two Trade Papers the following candid declaration of policy and practice :

We must have sufficient faith to keep on advertising . . . a continual and never-ceasing pressure and persuasion is essential, not only to preserve old and regular customers, but to *capture the younger generation growing up*.—"Brewers' Guardian."

In the case of the brewery, the retention of its pre-war number of customers, under the lessened purchasing power, could not maintain output. . . Thus it was decided that any collective advertising should be devised to attract and maintain a constant supply of *new* drinkers of beer. . . The combining of resources would make huge appropriations available, so that a campaign of sufficient magnitude to influence

public opinion and educate the coming generation in the merits of the brewery product could be effectively taken.—The "Brewers' Journal."

The variety of restrictions which surround and regulate the sale of liquor shows that, though a lawful trade, it is rightly reckoned a danger to national welfare, the much more so in these hard times when the community is supporting out of its straitened funds so large a proportion of its members. That, apparently, does not trouble certain of the drink-traders as may be seen from the following :

Rising unemployment figures, it seemed, were inevitably reducing our market; yet we refused to be intimidated by this. Consideration of the matter showed that even those who drew unemployment benefit represented a potential market and one likely to be productive enough if approached in the right way. So, instead of neglecting the unemployed, we visualized them as a prospective market of 2,500,000 people.—"Advertiser's Weekly."

Thus, in addition to the demoralization inevitably connected with the dole, the unemployed are being ruthlessly exposed to this other source of injury.

**A Finite
Universe.**

In reading a recent press-discussion as to the dimensions and character of the universe, one realizes how much the scientific world has lost by the complete and contemptuous break with the scholastic philosophical tradition which the disruption of Christendom inaugurated amongst those who broke away from the Church. Poorly-equipped though the schoolmen may have been in the matter of physical science, they were yet eminently skilled in something more fundamental—the science of mind—and could express themselves on the most abstruse topics of metaphysics with a clarity denied to modern exponents of physics. The reason was that they all agreed in using words, the counters of their thought, in a more or less uniform and generally accepted sense. Whereas, in the case of our scientists to-day, one is never sure of their meaning, when they venture to philosophize, because, like Humpty-Dumpty, they seem to make their terms signify what they please. Those common words—space, time, reality, substance, quantity, extension; and especially, finite and infinite—as used by writers to the Press—have by no means a common, and seldom enough a correct, meaning. Space and time, for instance, which Catholic philosophy regards as essentially mental concepts, abstracted from the phenomena of experience yet real because based upon concrete reality, are often treated as if they were themselves concrete realities, to the manifest detriment of sound think-

ing. Thus scientists are found to attribute curvature to space as if it were something material, and, because we cannot see any limit to the divisibility of our concept of a finite line, we are invited to subscribe to the paradox that an actual line must either be infinitely divisible or else consist of an aggregation of points of no magnitude! It is assumed that our thought of a thing, correct though it may be as far as it goes, necessarily exhausts all there is to know of it. But it is in the matter of the concept of the universe that this limited capacity of thought, recognized by Catholic philosophy, most clearly appears. They, at any rate, refrain from ascribing definite shape and dimension to what cannot be wholly grasped by human minds. Experience shows that we are unable to imagine a finite universe, for once we establish its furthest limits, the question immediately arises—what is beyond them? There must be something on the furthest side of the furthest star, and so we must, if only in thought, go on adding to actual space indefinitely. All this merely shows that our intellects, finite reflections of the infinite Mind of God, cannot comprehend infinity.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Birth Prevention, Ethics of [D. Pruemmer, O.P., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, March 1931, p. 581].

Christ's Petitions: in what sense effective? [L. Walker, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, March 1931, p. 167].

Nature: its place in Catholic doctrine [J. Vialatoux, in *Revue Apologetique*, March 1931, p. 273].

Reason and Faith: their relations analysed [H. J. Carpenter, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, March 1931, p. 135].

Wage-Reductions: Ethics of [L. Watt, S.J., in *Catholic Times*, March 13, 1931, p. 11].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

B.B.C., Anti-Christian practice of [*Catholic Times*, March 13, 1931, p. 12].

Bolshevik Atrocities, Attempt to rouse England against [G. M. Godden, in *Tablet*, March 14, 1931, p. 351].

Bolshevism in our midst [*Tablet*, March 14, 1931, p. 337].

Bolshevism: no Christian reaction against [*Catholic Times*, March 13, 1931, p. 12].

Caste-system in India; de Nobili's method of dealing with [T. F. Macnamara, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, March 1931, p. 264].

Cremation-Scandal in Belgium [*America*, March 7, 1931, p. 519].

Dance-evil, The, in France [Abbé Bethléem, in *Fédération Nationale Catholique*, Feb. 1931, p. 27].

Divorce, Gregory II. and [H. Thurston, S.J., in *Month*, April 1931, p. 320].

Evolution, Ill-judged Catholic advocacy of [F. B. LeBuffe, S.J., in *America*, Feb. 28, 1931, p. 503].

Griffith Jones, Dr., voices Nonconformist intolerance [*Tablet*, March 14, 1931, p. 334].

Inge's, Dean, "Modern Problems" [Rev. R. Knox, in *Clergy Review*, March 1931, p. 310].

Latin, The Catholic Church not [J. Keating, S.J., in *Month*, April 1931, p. 356].

Leakage Problem, The [E. Lester, S.J., in *Stella Maris*, March 1931, p. 65].

Millikan's idea of God, Dr. [F. LeBuffe, S.J., in *America*, Jan. 31, 1931, p. 403].

Religion of Scientists [H. V. Gill, S.J., in *Month*, April 1931, p. 310].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Capitalism and Credit: Unjust Workings of [Rev. P. Coffey, in *Clergy Review*, March 1931, p. 262].

Canon Law: How the English Common Law was gradually divorced from [R. O'Sullivan, in *Clergy Review*, March 1931, p. 240].

Catholic "Rites", Various [G. Bliss, S.J., in *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, March 1931, p. 76].

Disarmament not Utopian [*Osservatore Romano*, Feb. 4, 1931].

Marriage: reception of *Casti Connubii* throughout the world [*Documentation Catholique*, Feb. 21-28, 1931].

Mexico, State of Church in [A. Lugan, in *Revue Apologétique*, March 1931, p. 315].

Prohibition condemned by Americans [P. L. Blakely, in *America*, Feb. 7, 1931, p. 432].

Race Suicide in Scotland [Dr. Norman MacClean, in *Scots Observer*, Feb. 12: commented on in *Tablet*, Feb. 21, 1931, p. 237].

Scandinavia, The Church in [Various papers in *Catholic Missions*: New York, March 1931].

Treaty-Revision: French and German Views contrasted [*Documentation Catholique*, March 14, 1931].

Wolsey in English Literature [T. Foster, in *Catholic Gazette*, March 1931, p. 93].

World cannot be eternal, The [T. J. Stamm, in *The Modern Schoolman*, March 1931, p. 51].

REVIEWS

I—ST. AUGUSTINE OF HIPPO¹

HOW true it is that the best way to remain for ever in the memories of men is to become a Saint of God. Augustus the Emperor is forgotten: no one celebrates the recurring anniversaries of his career: Augustine the Saint, a smaller man in the world's eyes when he lived, is not only commemorated perpetually on the altars of the Church, but is recalled periodically to the world's notice on occasion of the centenary of his birth or death or of some salient event in his career. Such an occasion happened in August of last year, when was celebrated the 15th Centenary of the Saint's demise, and it gave rise to a very library of literature devoted to his career and the influence of his thought. To say nothing of the writings of Catholic Europe, the symposia of universities and learned societies, the various brochures of his own Order, the event was marked here in England principally by the publication of the collection of Essays, mentioned below, the first of two volumes planned to investigate the whole range of St. Augustine's thought. This country is represented by a moiety of the half-score Essayists,—names well known in modern Catholic literature, viz., Father C. C. Martindale, Father J.-B. Reeves, O.P., Father M. D'Arcy, Messrs. Christopher Dawson and E. I. Watkin, whilst France and Germany share the others—MM. Jacques Maritain, B. Roland-Gosselin, Etienne Gilson, M. Blondel, and the well-known student of Newman, Father Erich Przywara, S.J. Only the more general aspects of the Saint's work are dealt with here—his philosophy, we may put it, as distinct from his theology,—and only, because of restrictions of space, in a summary fashion. Impossible, nevertheless, to appraise in detail the various essays, which necessarily differ in intrinsic interest. Father Martindale's biographical talent, so widely exercised, finds congenial scope in delineating St. Augustine's complex character, and he is at pains to insist upon his essential truthfulness. No man has ever expressed himself more freely than the author of the "Confessions," who was yet alive to every passing experience. Mr. Dawson analyses St. Augustine's times. At the other end of the epoch, Father Przywara shows him alive and active in modern philosophy,

¹ *A Monument to St. Augustine.* Essays by various writers. Compiled by T. F. Burns. London: Sheed and Ward. Pp. 367. Price, 12s. 6d. n. (2) *The City of God.* By St. Augustine. Healey's Translation. Edited by Dr. Bussell. London: Dent and Sons, 1931. Pp. lxiii. 784. Price, 7s. 6d. n. (3) *Confessions of St. Augustine.* Books I.—IX. (Selections). Edited by Drs. J. M. Campbell and R. P. McGuire. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. Pp. x. 259. Price, \$2. 50. 1931.

heterodox as well as orthodox. Father D'Arcy succeeds in the difficult task of formulating a consistent system of thought from the many tentative explorations which Augustine, always a pioneer, describes in the course of his works. The studies of M. Gilson—"the Future of Augustinian Metaphysics" and of M. Blondel—"the Latent Resources of St. Augustine's Thought"—attempt to forecast the rôle of the philosopher in the Church of the future. Father J.-B. Reeves has a fascinating study of the encounter between the natural and the supernatural in St. Augustine's soul—"St. Augustine and Humanism," and warns us against exaggerating the influence of the Saint on Christianity: it was rather that Christianity made him what he was. The whole book is an inspiring revelation of the Catholic, *i.e.*, the right, view of the great African Saint. There are many others: Protestantism, so destitute of Saints and philosophers, has made many efforts to capture St. Augustine. We trust that an essay in the complementary volume will be devoted to a vindication of him from those unfounded claims.

The reissue of the *City of God* presents us with the three-volume "Temple Classic" edition in one, with a useful introduction by Dr. Ernest Barker. Healey's translation is Elizabethan literature but is not on that account more acceptable to the student who wants to get at St. Augustine's meaning.

Drs. Campbell and McGuire, of the Catholic University of America, have produced a very useful school edition of a section of the "Confessions," arranged in text-book fashion with copious notes and other aids to scholarship. We trust that many schools will use it and so conjoin instruction in the Latin with acquaintance with one of the greatest minds in Christian history.

2—A STUDY IN FRENCH HISTORY¹

M R. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS has already shown himself to be thoroughly familiar with the reign of Louis XI. of France by his documented study of the vagabond poet, Francis Villon. The same easy familiarity with that age is seen in his "King Spider." As the author declares, the work is neither a biography of Louis XI. nor a chronicle of his packed reign; but "an attempt to display from contemporary and authentic sources, a series of pictures, as in a Book of Hours, of an extraordinary man and his background." Besides a study of the King himself, and a judicious selection of his letters, illustrating various aspects of his character, which form the greater part of the book, there

¹ *King Spider: Some Aspects of Louis XI. of France and his Companions.* By D. B. Wyndham Lewis. London: Heinemann, Ltd. Illustrated. Pp. xiv. 448. Price, 21s.

are shorter sketches of Philippe de Commynes, Maister Olivier Le Daim, Dr. Jacques Coictier, Cardinal Jehan Balue, and other leading persons of the age. The author has availed himself of the monumental work of M. Pierre Champion, but has himself gone to the sources and bases his work on them. There is no fiction in the study. Where there is conversation, it is not imagined but recorded; where there are descriptions of men or things they are similarly authentic and unadorned. Certainly, Mr. Lewis has been eminently successful in his reconstruction of the past. A balanced judgment; apt selection of detail, and a graphic style, combined with judicious and not infrequently humorous comparison with modern conditions, bring the characters to life; and make the work a useful adjunct to the necessary dry-as-dust histories of which there are legion. The historic present perhaps is used to excess, and the sprinkling of the text with French words, far more than is required to give atmosphere, is somewhat irritating; still more so the English rendering of a sentence from the sources, followed immediately by the French original. The work also might well have been supplied with a short index. But these are small faults in a most interesting and useful book.

3—A CEREMONIAL FOR PRIESTLY USE¹

WE are late in noticing this admirable revision of the late Dr. Fortescue's manual "The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described." The fact that two large editions of the book have been disposed of in less than twelve years is the best testimonial to its merits. Naturally the features which gave the original work its wide popularity have not been interfered with. The concise—at times almost elliptical—phraseology is, on the whole, retained. The characteristically humorous preface not devoid of a certain audacity of suggestion—for example as to the desirability of reducing the number of ceremonial kisses—is printed entire. The excellent index has, of course, been revised to suit the new paging, but it is as comprehensive as before. Further those outlying topics which one would hardly expect to find treated in such a work, for example, Canonical Visitation, Confirmation, Baptism, the Sacrament of Penance, and "the Reception of Converts (in England)"—the addition of the bracketed words may help to remind us that the reviser hails from the other side of the Irish Channel—still form an integral part of this very practical hand-book. Above all the illustrations, the

¹ *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described.* By Adrian Fortescue, D.D. New Edition (Third), revised throughout and somewhat augmented by Rev. J. B. O'Connell of the Diocese of Dublin. Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xl. 470. Price, 15s. n. 1930.

48 very useful and original plans, designed by Dr. Fortescue himself on lines that take our memory back to the curious figures in the old Sarum Processionale, have not been curtailed in number. On the other hand, Father J. B. O'Connell who is responsible for the new edition has very considerably augmented and improved it. As he points out in his brief but necessary Foreword, many new decisions have been issued by the Congregation of Sacred Rites since the work originally appeared. Moreover, as was bound to happen in a book which deals with such a vast number of trivial minutiae, there were inaccuracies which needed to be rectified and occasional obscurities where a more explicit phrasing seemed desirable. All this has entailed in some passages considerable modifications of the text, while a casual glance at the foot of the pages reveals the presence of not a few notes which are shown by the appended letters N.R. to appear for the first time in this new revision. Some little curtailment of digressions has been necessary in order to find room for these needful additions. We miss, for example, an amusing passage in which Dr. Fortescue grew satirical at the expense of the Congregation of Rites when questions were addressed to them as to the retention of the word *Deinde* in the formula for absolution, but taking the volume as a whole we are satisfied that Father O'Connell has made no unnecessary changes. He tells us "I have augmented the book only when (a) new legislation called for addition; (b) some point of detail is *explicitly* determined by a rubric or by competent authority such as the Congregation of Sacred Rites, and is not mentioned in the description of the ceremony as given by Dr. Fortescue; (c) the ceremony in question is one of frequent occurrence in practice and calls, therefore, for inclusion in this book or for somewhat fuller treatment than it has hitherto received." The rule thus formulated seems to have been faithfully adhered to, and we can only congratulate the reviser on the excellent results.

SHORT NOTICES.

APOLOGETIC.

IGNORANCE of the Church of Christ is a tragedy of our time. That hundreds of pagan millions should never catch sight of her is lamentable enough; that other millions, Christian by name and profession, should pass by, without recognizing, the "City set on a Hill," is even more deplorable, but saddest of all is the thought that many of her own children pass from cradle to grave, without realizing more than a superficial notion of all that complexus of privilege and responsibility which their member-

ship involves. The world is full of worldly Catholics, whose modicum of faith and practice may save them from final perdition, but who are almost as insensible to the value of their heritage as the unbelievers around them. To remedy, as far as an individual can, this sorry state of affairs, M. Jean Grès, in *Un Laïc Regarde l'Eglise* (Beauchesne: 10.00 fr.), has expounded what the Church has to say and to teach about various human interests and experiences, such as Money, Work, Poverty and Riches, Suffering, the Family, History, Art, War, etc., and brings to his exposition a knowledge equal to his zeal and a vigorous, incisive style. Published by that admirable periodical, *La Cité Chrétienne*, and embodying its high religious and social apostolate, this book is of good omen for the future of the faith in France.

A most illuminating book for all who wish to understand the nature of faith, and the mentality of the non-Catholic, is the pathetic anonymous record called *A Spiritual Pilgrimage Towards the Threshold of the Catholic Church* (Longmans: 7s. 6d. n.), for it narrates the various stages traversed by the pilgrim, apparently during a long life-time, from ignorant hostility regarding the Catholic Church to a frank and full acceptance of all her claims, except the final duty of submitting to her. The author has read widely and thought deeply and prayed earnestly. He has surmounted one by one the various obstacles that ordinarily impede the traveller from prejudice to truth. He states the case for Catholicism, over and over again, with clearness and conviction. He meets and exposes the most subtle and plausible of the Church's assailants. Yet, having gone almost all the way, he cannot proceed and he himself wonders why he stops at the threshold. The reader too may wonder why God's gracious bestowal of faith has not yet been granted, in response to so much diligence, intelligence, and goodwill, unless it is to make clear to us that faith *is* a gift, which cannot strictly be merited. If one might hazard a guess, the final difficulty of the pilgrim seems to be an inability to realize the absolute *uniqueness* of the Church. There are various indications, here and there, that he subconsciously believes that Anglicanism represents in some fashion the pre-Elizabethan Catholic Church, as when he states (p. 178) that St. Pius V. "cut off the English Church from communion with the Roman." Moreover, he feels that conversion would entail disloyalty to his ancestors, implying that those ancestors did not cease to be Catholic at the Reformation. We have noted a number of minor points indicating imperfect assimilation of the Catholic attitude, natural enough in the circumstances, but we have not space to discuss them. The volume is highly to be recommended to all interested in the return of England to the Faith. The good which its publication is likely to do will surely merit the grace which the pilgrim is patiently waiting for; let him remember, for his consolation, the Parable of the Labourers.

LITURGICAL.

During the latter half of the last century, several translations of the Coptic liturgy appeared in England, including one by the Marquess of Bute. A new English version, *Coptic Offices*, from the pen of R. Woolley, D.D. (S.P.C.K.: 6s. n.), will help to bring home to Catholics the importance of taking an active interest in the Eastern Churches. In the

present crisis of the Russian Church, there is need for all possible sympathy with Oriental Rites. This should not be difficult. A Catholic feels quite at home in "Coptic Offices" as far as doctrine is concerned, for the ancient heresy of Monophysitism is never apparent. Consequently, one is not surprised to learn that even in the missal of Tuki's Uniat edition of the Coptic Liturgy, the only changes needed were the addition of the "Filioque," the mention of the Pope's name and of Chalcedon, and the omission of the names of Dioscurus and two others.

Dr. Woolley's Introduction contains a useful account of Egypt's breach with Rome in the year 451 A.D. Two antagonistic errors had arisen out of the assumption that "person" and "nature" were convertible terms. The Nestorians argued that since in Christ there were two natures, there must also be two persons. The Monophysites retorted that, since in Christ there could only be one person, it followed that there was only one nature. But the true doctrine was defined by Pope Leo in his Dogmatic Letter to Flavian: there are two natures in Christ but only one person. Dioscurus, Patriarch of Alexandria, Cyril's unworthy successor, opened the notorious Robbers' Synod in an attempt to uphold the Monophysites. Two years later, the Council of Chalcedon (451) hailed Leo's definition as the voice of Peter and therefore anathematized Dioscurus. Fortescue says that the deposition and excommunication of Dioscurus by Anatolius of Constantinople and the Emperor "was an appalling, an unheard-of outrage upon Egypt . . . so Egypt rose to defend its Pharaoh." The faith of Chalcedon, so it seemed to the Copts, was Cæsar's religion, therefore it was not theirs. Thus Nationalism was, and still is, the main cause of separation from the Church. Yet the misguided fidelity of the Copts in spite of centuries of persecution, is eminently worthy of our admiration.

The main part of the book contains in fine English the Coptic ritual of Baptism (including Confirmation), Matrimony, Extreme Unction, and the Burial Service. In the elaborate ceremonial of Baptism, which takes up more than a third of the book, the usual Eastern characteristics are to be found, immersion, much anointing, crowning, and the Communion of infants. The Last Rites will surprise readers who only know the quiet, unobtrusive visits of Latin priests to our homes and hospitals. The Copts administer Extreme Unction in the church itself: the actual anointing is repeated for seven days. Moreover, the Sacrament may be received by proxy. But with Adrian Fortescue's works to supply the background, everyone can find something to interest him in this book. For instance, there is the prayer for those in the mines—a link with the great persecutions. May this work lead many to pray that the national Coptic Church may soon come back to the Universal, the most ancient, Christian Church, where it will receive the welcome and the sympathy recently given to the Jacobites who have renounced Monophysitism.

DEVOTIONAL.

Canon L. Toublan's little volume—*La Troisième Etape de la Vie Spirituelle ou Vie Unitive* (Lethielleux)—is a rapid, almost disconcertingly rapid, résumé of the accepted ascetic teaching on the Unitive or Contemplative Life. The whole subject of the extraordinary phenomena of this Life is, for instance, treated within the space of twelve small

pages. But what might at first sight strike one as a sign of superficiality has, in fact, a very practical value, for the author has a happy knack of expressing what is essential in the minimum of words, so that many persons who might feel themselves unequal to a more elaborate treatise will find themselves reading this little book with ease and pleasure and with real profit. It amounts, in fact, to a very pleasantly presented digest of current Mystical Theology.

The death of the Provençal poet, Mistral, awoke in France renewed interest as to his place in French literature. In *La Gerbe de Mistral a l'Autel de Marie* (Bloud et Gay, Paris) the Rev. Father David has collected a number of his tributes to Our Lady which the student of Provençal literature will be glad to have at hand. The original is printed on one side of the page: a literal translation is given on the other.

We suspect that there will be an academic interest, rather than any spiritual one, in the second volume of the "Capuchin Classics," edited by Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. It is entitled: *The Sufferings of Christ; Eight Sermons* by Fra Mattia Bellintani da Salò, preached in Milan Cathedral during Lent 1597 (Sheed and Ward: 6s.). The preacher was well known in his day, and the sermons given to us are probably typical of the style in vogue in Italy, at the end of the sixteenth century. Milan is often directly invoked. Scripture is quoted again and again, with adaptations to which the scholar might, at times, object. There is the usual Italian tendency to overstate; to run to extremes; perhaps occasionally to risk dogmatic truth so as to make a point. Nevertheless, there is a variety of thought and a certain vividness of imagination which will attract some readers. The translation, though, no doubt, well done, nevertheless necessarily weakens the vividness of the Italian rhetoric. In the introduction to the book we are given some account of the author and of his times. But we would suggest that the description of the period contained in a paragraph on page xv. is, to say the least, exaggerated.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Sister Teresa, of Lisieux, has had many successors already. The last of these, Teresia Eletta, of Florence, is described to us in *The World and the Cloister* (Kegan Paul: 10s. 6d.), published with an introduction by Father Benedict Williamson. Her story differs somewhat from that of others in that for thirty years she was unable to fulfil her vocation, owing almost entirely to the opposition of her family. While reading her Life the ascetical student can scarcely help asking himself how it is to be reconciled with the text: "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." Father Williamson seems inclined to answer that obedience and duty come first. But given a true vocation, God comes first. The book is full of deep affection and confidence and abandonment to the Divine Will.

The skilled pen of Mrs. George Norman has presented the short but heroic life-story of one of the recent Mexican Martyrs, Father Michael Pro-Juarez, S.J., already famous from the writings of Captain McCullagh and others, as a full-dress biography, with the title, *God's Jester* (Longmans: 7s. 6d. n.). It is a story to stir the blood of every believer. Father Pro was as "modern" as the next man, as keen

on the things that delight the rest of us,—music, acting, and all the innocent nonsense to which sensible people are addicted. He played his guitar like a master, was an excellent mimic, and could organize a practical joke to perfection. Yet this was the gloriously human saint who wrote on the eve of his third serious operation:

"Seigneur, ôtez-moi tout, mais donnez-moi des âmes;
Otez-moi la santé, la fortune, l'honneur,
Mais donnez un essor aux dévorantes flammes
Que le zèle et l'amour allument dans mon cœur."

What an *essor* God gave him is told in this book. Mrs. Norman has caught admirably the *attrait* of "Mike," as he was known to his many English-speaking friends. Here are not the trappings of romance but the thing itself. We are back again in the age of the martyrs with Mike as their Champion, hunted from pillar to post, always in some new, clever disguise as he carried the Bread of Life to his persecuted Mexican brethren. And all this was only yesterday. Mike with his bad health, his gaiety, his boundless courage and consuming love of God and man was of our own maligned generation, one whom any baby of three may be proud of as a contemporary. The end came in November 1927. Mike was captured by the priest-hunters and shot in a backyard while cameras clicked to register his dying expression. As the rifles were levelled he threw out his arms in the form of a cross and with his last breath cried, "Viva Cristo Rey!" He was only thirty-six. Already many favours are recorded as due to his intercession. He may well be ranked among the patron-saints of a re-Catholicized Mexico.

POETRY.

A real master of words and technique is Mr. Egerton Clarke, as seen in his recent volume, *The Death of England* (Cecil Palmer: 3s. 6d.). He is more fanciful than is desirable; at times one suspects a little straining for effect, as might one who is conscious of his dress; nevertheless, underneath the outward show there is depth, and truth of understanding, and beauty of idea which makes the study of these verses well worth while. He makes little things say much:

"Fire in the wood; a yellow cheese;
The God-man talked to in a Grace—
And this a cottage, if you please,
A common sort of place";

he also makes great things speak simply, as, for instance, in the poem, "The Poor Clare." Perhaps he is happiest when he sings of the beauty of the world about him, strongest when he sees that beauty marred, as in the last poem, which gives this volume its name, "The Death of England." He has also made the English martyrs his theme; a poem on the hand of Blessed Margaret Clitherow is worth very much.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have had occasion before to speak of the first edition of a work to help Catholic Associations in France, entitled: *La Patrimoine Legale de Culte et des Associations Catholiques*, by Auguste Rivet, Advocate

of the Court of Appeal, Lyons (Editions de Documentations Catholiques, Paris: 15.00 fr.). It is a stout volume of four hundred pages, very carefully arranged, giving the student the various legal references to protect him and guard him in the management of all Catholic Associations, Syndicates and Societies. Naturally, this work is more necessary in France than it is in England, but for us, too, such a book is not without its uses.

Those who were privileged to attend the 900th Centenary celebrations of St. Emery, Prince of Hungary, in August, last year, will be delighted to receive the **Memorial Volume** of illustrations, issued by the Centenary Committee under the direction of Mr. Charles Huszar. And the far greater multitude who did not attend will be somewhat consoled for their misfortune by an inspection of this same sumptuously produced collection of pictures, representing every phase of that prolonged and gorgeous spectacle and the chief scenes and personalities concerned. It would be difficult to select the most effective view out of the 159 pages of them presented; perhaps that of Budapest illuminated by night might bear away the palm. But the variety of national costumes and uniforms makes almost every picture of interest. The accompanying letter-press is in five languages; the English, we may point out, should have been revised by some one familiar with the tongue—"The Holy Right and her attendance," for instance, is a quaint description of the group escorting the reliquary containing the right hand of St. Stephen. But that is a very small blemish on a work of the greatest interest and beauty.

NON-CATHOLIC.

In regard to **Christian Reunion in Ecumenical Light**, by Francis J. Hall, D.D. (S.P.C.K.: 3s. 6d.), Bishop Manning of New York says one wise thing in his introduction: "Reunion is not helped by ambiguous statements which ignore or conceal the differences among Christians." Throughout his book, Dr. Hall uses the word "Catholic" to describe all Episcopal Churches, notwithstanding their radical differences. In this bad start he hopes that his readers "will acquit me of any polemical design"! Yet he faces, honestly enough, the doctrinal chaos of Anglicanism, though not its logical consequences.

Dr. Hall's book follows the "Anglo-Catholic" lines in its treatment of the "reunion" question. His second chapter on "The Anglican Position" summarizes the exposition of Mr. Wilfrid Knox's larger work on Anglo-Catholicism and includes most of his paradoxes—if that element of truth which the word implies be filtered out of it. That some "misunderstanding (?) " is to be expected is frankly admitted by Dr. Hall, for "owing to its wide tolerance of mutually conflictive schools of thought and practice, and to the adoption by many of its leaders of the policy of comprehension—of seeking to secure legitimate room therein for Conservatives and Modernists and for Anglo-Catholics and Evangelical Protestants—the position of the Anglican Communion is diversely interpreted by its own leaders and not easily understood by non-Anglicans."

Nowhere in his book does Dr. Hall attempt to show how such a Church can be identified with the Catholic Church of the ages which in every one of its councils repudiated the "Comprehensive" ideal by its

excommunication of heretics. Nor does he reveal any real understanding of the Catholic position, for he hopes that ultimately the Papacy, in the interests of "Ecumenical unity," will relinquish the Vatican dogmas. He allows that "an undefined Roman primacy—not the *Jurisdictional supremacy* of later days—was accepted by the whole ancient Church." But, unfortunately, like Dr. Headlam and others he makes unsubstantiated statements about Catholic loyalty to the Faith defined by the Vatican. "The general mental atmosphere of the Roman Communion has been changing for some time and in a direction which must ultimately make Vatican claims a patent anachronism. In time Vaticanism will have to yield to a growing intelligence of its own world-wide constituency." So constantly is the wish apt to generate the thought!

The Lent Books, written by a number of Anglican clergymen, is a series of very varied value. The last: **Personal Discipleship and the Way of Prayer**, by Canon J. C. H. How, of Liverpool (Longmans: 2s. 6d.), is, we think, the best that we have seen. It consists of a series of short chapters, the first eight of which study the relationship between the Apostles and Christ Our Lord, with a view to defining the position of the disciple to the Master. The second section, called "The Way of Prayer," speaks rather of the interior life and our relationship with Christ in that sense. The teaching is that which is common to us all. Some portions of the second part of the book are particularly expressive of the Catholic mind. As for the style, we notice, as we have noticed in many other similar books of late, a certain effort at colloquialism, as the author tries to get down to the mind of the people. We are not sure that this method succeeds. At all events, we can say that it seems to us to introduce into spiritual things a certain lack of dignity, which, of late, we have noticed growing in non-Catholic spiritual writers.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

We trust that the excellent **Catholic Directory for the Clergy and Laity of Scotland: 1931** (Sands: 2s. n.), now in its 103rd year of publication, has not suffered from our delay in commending it, for it is very well compiled and gives information which we should gladly see provided in our own: diocesan statistics, for instance, of Baptisms, Confirmations and Marriages assigned to each individual parish, and a detailed account of the collection and administration of diocesan funds similarly displayed.

Another apology is due to another fine Year Book—**The Irish Jesuit Directory for 1931** (Irish Messenger Office: 1s.) which, however, contains matter of permanent historical value—such as the summary account, with map, of the 49 Missions, worked by the Society, and particularly, of the new but flourishing Irish missionary settlement in Hong Kong and Canton—whilst providing all appropriate details about Jesuit activities in Ireland and Australia.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The America Press sends three pamphlets (5 cents) by W. I. Lonergan, S.J., **The Story of Lent, Devotions in Lent, and Both sinned—The Story of Judas and Peter**. It is a thousand pities the title of the

last is not more explanatory, for thereby many will miss a most excellent and practical essay on everyday sin and temptation and how to avoid them, and what one *must* do if one is sincere in repentance.

Margaret Baker has written an amplification of her earlier book "Here's Health to you" in **The Best of Health** (Richard James, Pater-noster Row). It is an entertaining and instructive little book on temperance, and should be a help to social workers. The illustrations by the author and her sister are most clever and amusing, and many are in quite an original vein.

An attempt to interest the very young in the Rosary has been published by Messrs. Sands and Co. It is composed of a set of fifteen cardboard folders, explaining simply each Mystery. There are 15 full page illustrations in colour. The set costs 2s. 6d.

A very useful book which has already been published in Ireland—**Novels and Tales by Catholic Writers** (\$0.50),—is re-issued by the America Press; it contains an exhaustive list of the output of Catholic fiction-writers, past and present for many years back. Originally compiled by Father S. J. Brown, S.J., the list has been revised for America by Walter Romig, and is edited by Father Francis X. Talbot, S.J.

Mr. Oxenham has added another little book to the many he has previously written around the Gospel narratives and called it **Cross Roads** (Longmans: 1s. 6d.). It is written with the author's usual charm and skill, and its piety cannot be doubted, but though reverently told, it does not always harmonize with the Catholic concept of Christ who was very God as well as truly man. The story concerns three supposed meetings on earth which the Good Thief had with Our Lord, the first when he went with the shepherds to Bethlehem, the second during the Active Life, and the third on the Cross. Of the fourth, in Paradise, the author says: "Of that meeting no man may tell" but "for the infinite compassion, everlasting mercy, and unchangeable love which made it possible, no man may ever cease to thank God."

Amongst the unfailing C.T.S. output recently are included several twopenny pamphlets, among them the second of Mother Keppel's instructive "Story of the Church," called **From Charlemagne to Pope Hildebrand. Christ Crucified**, by Father Faber (one penny), comes seasonably for Holy Week. **Kindness to Animals**, by A. M. Grange is re-issued, revised by the Rev. J. Keating, S.J. This pamphlet vindicates the clear and consistent attitude taken by the Catholic Church regarding a matter much obscured by sentiment on the one hand and thoughtless cruelty on the other. In **Girl Guides in the Catholic Church** Ffloreus Roch explains the benefits accruing to Catholic girls from joining that great movement, and gives practical details. **The Story of Lourdes and Bernadette** is written for children by Agnes G. Coxe, with specially large print for small people. Many will deeply regret that **Further Words of Encouragement** (taken from the Notes and Instructions delivered by the late Father Daniel Considine, S.J.) is the third and last little book of the series—for want of more material. The enormous success of the first two ensure a warm welcome for the final book. **How to Follow Requiem Mass**, for non-Catholics, by Rev. F. E. Pritchard, should greatly help those for whom it is written.

The Catholic Truth Society of Ireland send two pamphlets, **Heaven**

and Hell, by Rev. D. F. MacDaid, D.E., the title of which is self-explanatory, and *Ireland's Place in the Sun*, by the Rev. T. P. F. Gallagher, S.T.L., which gives an inspiring history of that all-Catholic country and the bright prospects before her, if she remains so.

In the "Let us Pray" series, No. II., by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J., contains meditations on *Our Father; Hail Mary* (The America Press: \$0.30.), and will help many, by its very simplicity, who find meditation difficult.

Ailbe J. Luddy, O. Cist., has written an edifying and instructive life of *St. Gertrude the Great* (Gill and Son: 3d.). The little book is somewhat handicapped by a cover-picture somewhat out of drawing and not very happily conceived.

The *Office of Compline and Plainsong in Church and School*—the one edited by the Rev. John Burke, B.A., the other the work of John Brown (Desclée: 9d. each),—are two practical books. The former is a setting of the Plain Chant Compline with a translation of the Latin into English—all admirably arranged. The latter work is a very useful selection of Plain Chant Masses and Evening Service music. It is prefaced by a simple instruction in the singing of the chant. This explanation will be all the more welcome because it is singularly free from the usual unintelligible jargon and rhapsodic superlatives with which it seems to be the fashion to invest the teaching of Plain Chant.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

AMERICA PRESS, New York.

Our Father; Hail Mary. By F. P. LeBuffe, S.J. Pp. 39. Price, 30 c.

BASIL BLACKWELL, Oxford.

The Record of the Loved Disciple. By E. S. Hoernle, I.C.S. Pp. ix. 226. Price, 8s. 6d. n.

BENZIGER BROS., New York.

Philosophy and Education. By Rev. F. D. Hovre, D.D. Trans. by Rev. E. Jordan. Pp. xlii. 443. Price, \$3.25.

BRUCE PUBLISHING CO., Milwaukee.

A Friend of Mine. By David McAstocker, S.J. Pp. 149.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

Jesus Crucified. By Mother Clare Fey. Pp. viii. 154. Price, 2s. 6d. *Matthew Parker's Witness Against Continuity.* By Rev. H. E. G. Rope. Pp. 90.

Price, 2s. 6d. *The Student's Church History.* Vol. II. By Rev. C. Hart. Pp. iv. 234. Price, 3s. 6d. *The New J.L. and Other Stories.* By M. E. M. Young. Pp. 180. Price, 5s. *The Higher Court.* By M. E. M. Young. Pp. 110. Price, 3s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, London.

The Stars in their Courses. By Sir James Jeans. Pp. xi. 188. Price, 5s. n.

C.T.S. of Ireland, Dublin.

Several Twopenny Pamphlets.

C.T.S., London.

Several New Pamphlets and Reprints.

CONSTABLE, London.

An Open Alt Pulpit (reissue). By Rev. R. Knox. Pp. 186. Price, 2s. 6d.

- DESCLEE, Tournai.
Plainsong in Church and School. By John Brown. Pp. 119. Price, 9d.
- ELKIN MATHEWS & MARROT, London.
The Great Religious Orders. By Piers Compton. Pp. xi. 224. Price, 6s.
- EMMANUEL VITTE, Paris.
Les Leçons d'un Grand Evêque. By Abbé F. Gaquère. Pp. 589. Price, 15.00 fr.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.
St. Gertrude the Great. By A. J. Luddy, O.Cist. Pp. 40. Price, 3d.
- LEAGUE OF NATIONAL LIFE, London.
The Question of Contraceptives. By H. L. Goudge, D.D. Pp. 29. Price, 1s.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
L'Ame Feminine. By P. Thou-vignon. Pp. 240. Price, 15.00 fr.
Auguste Magne. By Y. D'Isné. Pp. 71. Price, 5.00 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.
God's Jester. By Mrs. Geo. Norman. Pp. viii. 226. Price, 7s. 6d. n.
The Man who Would Save the World (cheap edition). By John Oxenham. Pp. 291. Price, 1s. n.
The Vision of God. By Rev. K. D. Kirk, D.D. Pp. xxviii. 583. Price, 25s. n.
Novius Organum. By J. C. McKerrow. Pp. vii. 277. Price, 9s. n.
- LOVOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago.
Scholastic Metaphysics. Part II. By J. F. McCormick, S.J. Pp. xviii. 291. Price, \$2.00.
- MARYHURST NORMAL PRESS, Kirkwood, Mo.
The Mariology of Saint John Damascene. By V. A. Mitchell, S.M., S.T.D. Pp. xxviii. 221.
- OLDENBOURG, Munich.
Metaphysik des Allertums. Teil II. By Prof. Julius Stenzel. Pp. 115.
- OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.
Philosophy and the Cross. By Rev. O. C. Quick, D.D. Pp. 48. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- PHILIP ALLAN, London.
The Art of Mental Prayer. By Rev Bede Frost. Pp. xvii. 269. Price, 8s. 6d. n.
- PONT. INST. STUD. ORIENT., Rome.
Evêques Russes en Exil. By Michel D'Herbigny, S.J. Pp. 282. Price, 40.00 l.
- PRENTICE-HALL, New York.
Confessions of St. Augustine. By J. M. Campbell, Ph.D., and R. P. McGuire, Ph.D. Pp. x. 259. Price, \$2.50.
- RAUCH, Innsbruck.
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